# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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## Pro-Slavery.

### *SLAVERY AT THE SOUTH AND CRIME AT THE NORTH.*

IT is an indisputable fact that the people of the South have come to regard the institution of Slavery with feelings and views very different from the traditional prejudices which they had been content to accept without investigation or inquiry. So radical and complete a change in public sentiment in respect to a subject of so much interest could not occur without attracting the observation and exciting the curiosity of intelligent thinkers. The opponents of Slavery especially have been struck with this revolution in public opinion, and they have diligently sought for some satisfactory explanation of a fact which they regard as a moral and political phenomenon. But they are not agreed in their conclusion.

For a long time, as we have intimated, the people of the South were content to accept Slavery as an existing fact—an established institution—without investigating its nature or exploring the principles of its foundation. Nay, more—the prejudices against Slavery which were prevalent in the earliest years of the republic were inherited by the descendants of the men who had declared the slave trade a crime against humanity. An universal spirit of scepticism and indifference prevailed in regard to Slavery; it was very generally conceded to be a wrong, but a wrong for which others were responsible, and for which there was no present and adequate remedy. The policy in respect to the institution was a policy of tolerance and delay—tolerance for a necessary and unavoidable evil, and delay in adopting any measures for its amelioration.

Now, we must confess that this was a most unphilosophical and immoral condition of public sentiment. It was certainly to the last degree unphilosophical to live in the presence of so vast and momentous a social and political fact without investigating its nature and exploring its foundation. It was to the last degree immoral to subsist upon the bounty of a gigantic evil without making one effort for its cure or even amelioration. It is an impeachment of the wisdom and justice of Providence to assert that there is any evil in the moral economy of the universe for which there is no adequate remedy. Yet, the men of the generation of which we speak accepted all the traditional prejudices against African Slavery without inquiry, and, allowing the institution to be an enormous evil, sought to strengthen and perpetuate it. Wrong is never necessary — injustice is never expedient. Either men were in error in their conception of the nature of Slavery, or else there was no insuperable obstacle to its abolition. In either case, they were false to the obligations of conscience in not undertaking to carry out their convictions of right and duty.

At last the slaveholder was aroused from this stupid apathy. The assaults of the Abolitionists drove him to inquiry and discussion. He was forced to look to the defence of his property. He investigated Slavery in its origin, nature and operation. He discussed it as a moral, social and political problem. He tried it by the test of religion, right and reason. And what was the result? Why, that very condition of public sentiment which Abolitionists contemplate with amazement. Hereditary prejudices were swept away; blind instincts were corrected; the understanding of men was excited to healthful and effective action; ancient theories were exploded, and the institution of Slavery was viewed in its true relations. For long the people of the South declined the challenge to discussion and controversy. But when they were driven into the field they astonished and confounded the enemy by their resources and their triumphant resistance.

The slaveholder no longer shrinks from a contest of argument. Confident in the justice of his cause, he readily accepts the defiance of the Abolitionist. But observe with what different weapons the hostile parties contend. The Abolitionist deals in declamation; the champion of Slavery in argument. The former appeals to the fancy and the sensibilities; the latter to the reason and the understanding. The Abolitionist draws upon fiction for his resources; the slaveholder opposes the returns of the census to the deceitful figures of rhetoric.

The result of all this inquiry and controversy is a prevalent conviction among the people of the South that there is nothing in their system of Slavery for which they cannot find abundant warrant in Scripture, in reason, in the philosophy of human society, and in the spirit of genuine philanthropy.

It is fortunate for Slavery that the controversy with abolition is reduced to an issue of fact and argument. The plausible fallacies of the Abolitionists will disappear before the revelations of the census. Casuists may dispute over the nice distinctions of ethical science until all just perceptions of right and wrong are confounded, but statistics will speedily and conclusively determine the effect of Slavery as an economic and social institution. Already has it been shown, by irresistible argument, that the proportion of wealth to the individual in a slaveholding community greatly exceeds that in the free States. Even in the North, candid men concede that their liberty is rapidly degenerating into licentiousness and anarchy. The following statistics, exhibiting a comparative view of Northern and Southern society in respect to two most important elements, are pregnant with instruction and encouragement to the slaveholding community:

*From the Census of* 1850.

| *States.* | *Population.* | *No. of Churches.* | *No. of Criminals.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Maine | 583,169 | 945 | 62 |
| Massachusetts | 994 514 | 1,475 | 801 |
| New Hampshire | 317,976 | 626 | 77 |
| Vermont | 314,120 | 599 | 39 |
| Connecticut | 370,792 | 734 | 145 |
| Rhode Island | 147,745 | 228 | 24 |
| New York | 3,097,394 | 4,134 | 1,080 |
| New Jersey | 489,555 | 813 | 135 |
| Pennsylvania | 2,311,786 | 3,566 | 302 |
| Delaware | 91,532 | 180 | 7 |
| Total | 8,718,383 | 13,300 | 2,171 |
| Maryland | 583,034 | 909 | 200 |
| Virginia | 1,421,661 | 2,383 | 1 8 |
| North Carolina | 869,039 | 1,795 | 14 |
| South Carolina | 668,507 | 1,182 | 19 |
| Georgia | 906,185 | 1,862 | 85 |
| Alabama | 771,623 | 1,373 | 23 |
| Mississippi | 606,526 | 1,016 | 81 |
| Louisiana | 517,762 | 306 | 160 |
| Tennessee | 1,002,717 | 2,014 | 187 |
| Kentucky | 982,405 | 1,845 | 141 |
| Total | 8,329,459 | 14,685 | 1,098 |

With a less population by half a million, the ten Southern States have above a thousand more churches than the ten Northern States which boast loudest of their morality and enlightenment. With an excess of only half a million in population, the ten free States have double the number of criminals which are found in ten corresponding slave States. Such revelations will complete the revolution of public opinion in respect to Slavery.—*Richmond Enquirer, June* 21.

### *GLORYING IN HIS SHAME.*

THE "Higher Law," hitherto, has only been hinted at in the United States Senate—or rather the enunciation of it has been so cunningly clogged with metaphysical reservations and rhetorical refinements as to enable its high priests to keep conveniently under cover. It is otherwise now. Treason is grown bolder since such men as Mr. Charles Sumner was sent to Washington. It no longer skulks behind rhetoric or metaphysics. It no longer skulks behind figures of rhetoric, nor seeks refuge in metaphysical abstractions. It stands confessed—it stalks abroad; it lifts up its brazen face in the high places of the nation, and virtually asks us—yes, asks us—to glory in its shame! Alas! that perjury and treason should thus go hand in hand, in the very chamber that was, we had almost said, hallowed, but yesterday, as it were, by the presence of such whole-souled patriots as Clay and Webster—a presence in which the disunionism and demagoguism of the young statesmen, with whom we are cursed in these latter days, would have shrunk into silence or withered into nothingness.

We took occasion yesterday to comment upon the altogether unprecedented declaration of this Mr. Sumner, that, as a Senator of the United States, he did not consider himself at all bound to support the Federal Constitution, notwithstanding the solemn oath he has taken to that effect. It would appear that some of his fellow-Senators were so amazed (as well they might be) with this declaration that they could not at the time believe the evidence of their own senses. (We speak now of Northern, not Southern, Senators.) Thus, on the following day (we now quote the telegraphic report),

Mr. TOUCEY (of Connecticut) said he would be unwilling at any time to hold a man responsible for a hasty word, but he desired the Senator from Massachusetts would now state *whether he recognised any obligation imposed by the Constitution to return a fugitive slave?*

Mr. SUMNER—To which question I answer emphatically "No."

Mr. CLAY—I hope that there will be no doubt now as to what the Senator says.

No; there is no doubt now as to what the Senator says. And we have no doubt the most rampant pro-slavery men in Congress, when they go home to their constituents, will make that emphatic "No" tell with effect not only against Mr. Sumner, but against the sort of Northern sentiment that chooses such men as he for its exponents in the National Legislature. The Senator from Massachusetts has opportunely furnished the slave power with an invaluable argument, for which it should eternally thank him. He has placed a powerful weapon in their hands, which we need never doubt they will in nowise be backward to employ.

Mr. Sumner has the reputation of a scholar. He will never have the reputation of a statesman. Mr. Sumner, however, may be an honest man. We do not say he is not; but we do say he is not pursuing a course which honest, honourable and high-minded men generally pursue, to maintain such a character unchallenged and intact. Mr. Sumner is said to be an intense student. He has a knowledge of books. He has no knowledge of men. Let him leave the Senate Chamber and go back to his library. The sooner he goes, the better for himself and his country. —*N. Y. Express.*

## Selections.

### *OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW OF SLAVERY THE DESTRUCTION OF REVERENCE FOR LAW.*

THE beginning of ruin to a free country is in the diminution or destruction of reverence for law. The government, therefore, that passes unjust laws is at once putting a knife to its own authority and to the throats of the people. Such a government is no longer a government, but a conspiracy. The promulgation of every unjust law is an act of such conspiracy, an act of treason against the people, and, at the same time, a subversion of the foundations of government among them. Every unjust law is a breach upon the people's regard and veneration for law, which veneration cannot stand under the conviction of injustice. Then comes arbitrary power, military despotism, as a necessity, for nothing else can supply the place of that reverence for law, that disposition to obey, which is the security of a free state, but which the conviction of wrong at first impairs, and then entirely takes away. Obedience to unjust law, or acquiescence in it, is an invitation to tyranny; then afterwards any acts of disobedience, or even the manifestations of aversion, and the complaints of peaceful remonstrance, call for arbitrary power, and are supposed to justify it; and so the people pass under the yoke simply by not at the outset resisting and refusing the imposition of injustice in the form of law. The only way in which a people can possibly preserve among themselves a reverence for law is by rendering the execution of unjust law impossible. Thus only will they render the *passage* of such law impossible. There will always be reverence for law, where all law is righteous. The moment men begin unrighteousness by law, that moment they begin to undermine the people's reverence for law; and the successful execution of unrighteous law will, at length, inevitably establish a despotism of arbitrary power, instead of a government of law by consent of the people.

Every aggression on the part of the Government against the principles of a free Constitution, and the rights and convictions of the people, ought to be resisted at the outset. At first, gross aggressions will be rare; they are a blessing, if they rouse the people in opposition; the danger is from gradual and stealthy steps. Such a monstrous measure of injustice, perjury, and despotism, as the Nebraska bill, is a providential gift, if it provoke a free people to the immediate and energetic prosecution of their rights; but if not, it will be a dreadful and lasting triumph of Slavery. And the measures of an insulted and betrayed people ought to be instant and thorough. A delayed and half-way policy will be ruinous. "The popular enthusiasm," says a great writer, Sir James Mackintosh, "subsides by delays and slender measures; and the moment of effectual reform is irretrievably lost. No important political improvement was ever obtained in a period of tranquillity. The corrupt interest of the governors is so strong, and the cry of the people so feeble, that it were vain to expect it. If the effervescence of the popular mind is suffered to pass away, without effect, it would be absurd to expect from languor what enthusiasm has not obtained. If radical reform is not, at such a moment, procured, all partial changes are evaded and defeated in the tranquillity which succeeds."

"Whatever excellence, whatever freedom is discoverable in governments, has been infused into them by the shock of a revolution; and their subsequent progress has been only the accumulation of abuse. It is hence that the most enlightened politicians have recognised the necessity of frequently recalling their first principles; a truth suggested to the penetrating intellect of Machiavel, by his experience of the Florentine democracy, and by his research into the history of ancient commonwealths. Whatever is good ought to be pursued at the moment it is attainable. The public voice, irresistible in a period of convulsion, is contemned with impunity when spoken during the lethargy into which nations are lulled by the tranquil course of their ordinary affairs. The ardour of reform languishes in unsupported tediousness; it perishes in an impotent struggle with adversaries who receive new strength with the progress of the day. No hope of great political improvement, let us repeat it, is to be entertained from tranquillity; for its natural operation is to strengthen all those who are interested in perpetuating abuse."

These words of Mackintosh possess a great emphasis of application to our present crisis. If the feeling of an oppressed and defrauded constituency is not strong and permanent enough to make itself felt through the next election in our national legislature, what can be expected ever to rouse up the people to resist the progress of Slavery? Already their representatives, instead of representing them, join in the governmental conspiracy against them. "Men are oppressed, because they have no share in their own government. Let them cease to be suppliants for their rights, or to sue for them like mendicants, as a precarious boon from the arrogant pity of usurpers. Until the legislature speaks their voice, it will oppress them." We may add, until the legislature speak the voice of justice and humanity, and regard the will of God, it will oppress them. It is in behalf of man, and not merely for Heaven's own prerogatives, that the righteous Ruler and Governor of the world has declared that the throne of iniquity, which frameth mischief by a law, shall have no fellowship with him. It is for man's good that God has proclaimed a woe upon those who decree unrighteous decrees, and write out in statutes the wickedness which they have prescribed. Men are not, therefore, merely to *petition* for the repeal of unjust and infamous laws, but to *demand* such repeal, and to enforce it, as their own right, by taking the government, through new agents, by themselves appointed, into their own hands.

But in the meantime, some are ready to say, until we can get the repeal of an unjust law, or a law commanding injustice and immorality, we must obey it. We must obey it until it be repealed. This is the sophistry (and we do not hesitate to declare it a blasphemy against the authority of God) by which some men would enforce injustice on the conscience, because it is human law. According to this sophistry, if piracy and murder were commanded by the government, the citizens are bound to turn pirates and murderers, and to continue such, until the repeal of the law. God's command is, repeal or no repeal, to disobey, and in every righteous way resist, every unholy commandment. We may not dally, we may not delay, we may not commit evil in any shape, through fear of man, we may not follow a multitude to do evil, we may not take one step in obedience to an unrighteous commandment. According to the theory of sinning on in obedience to law, and waiting for a repeal, Daniel was bound, when the law was promulgated against praying, to stop praying, until he could get the law against it repealed. The law in that particular case did not even contemplate more than thirty days, and if he had stopped praying for only thirty days, there would have been no need either of repeal or disobedience. Now these modern preachers of obedience to unjust law, until it can be repealed, would have said to Daniel, "O prophet of the Lord, what will become of the government, if the law be not executed? O prophet, as the powers that be are ordained of God, we are bound to obey their decrees, asking no questions for conscience sake; and if we do not obey, and the laws cannot be executed, then there is an end of all government, and what becomes of society? O prophet of the Lord, we must stop praying, until the commandment can be repealed. All we can do is to pray for the repeal, but meanwhile we must obey, for the command *to pray* is only from God, but the command *not* to pray is from our rulers, from our own government, which was ordained of God, and must, at all hazards, be obeyed, or there is an end to all law. O prophet of the Lord, we must stop praying!"

Our Daniels of the present age have advised us that not only, in such a case, is it our duty to stop praying, but with alacrity and activity to stop *others* from praying; and if anywhere a poor saint is found upon his knees before God, to help Nebuchadnezzar's marshals to hunt him, to drag him from his retreat, to bind him, and to cast him into the furnace of fire. For what must become of law, if it be not executed? Put him into the fire now, and wait till you can get the law repealed. Good men especially must aid in executing the law, for if the law be merciless, good men are the very ones to execute it most mercifully. It is not right, by refusing to have anything to do with it, that good men should leave it to Nebuchadnezzar's bloodhounds to fasten on the victims; for in so doing they might inflict the cruelty of tearing their clothes, or even their flesh, before casting them into the fiery furnace; but worthy, good and righteous commissioners should undertake this work, and see that it be done decently and in order. Commissioners fearing God and hating covetousness, and loving their neighbours as themselves, must do the work of the bloodhounds, and throw the poor praying saints into the fire as gently and mercifully as possible, with as prayerful and compassionate a *gusto* as the case demands. And if gentlemen commissioners can be found, as in the case of Slave-Commissioner Loring, who add to their pious and courtly functions that of teaching law, so much the better; they have such excellent opportunity to show Nebuchadnezzar's law students, by direct example, what the theory of obedience means, and how piously, gently, and mercifully a law-abiding citizen, especially if he be a good man, may perform an act of cruelty and injustice. With what edifying tenderness such an one may put the victim in the fire, with an alacrity and activity so tempered by compassion, that the victim himself must almost rejoice to be the vicarious occasion of calling into exercise such sublime virtues!

Meantime, at the other end of Nebuchadnezzar's empire, Slave-Commissioner Penderry may teach, by equally illustrious example, the duty and the exalted nobleness of the sacrifice of private conscience on the altar of public tyranny. And when Nebuchadnezzar's men can be found not only preferring themselves to sacrifice his victims, in order that they may do it kindly, but also publicly declaring that their own conscience is against it, but that they, nevertheless, sacrifice conscience itself to Nebuchadnezzar as their God, and heaven's own claims to his statutes as their rule of duty, there is no need to draw a Daniel from his grave to make him swear or teach allegiance. There is no danger of subjects already so trained ever asking for repeal; or if they should be surprised into the act of petitioning, and the favour be refused, there is no fear that there will ever be found any resolute Oliver Twists among them, asking for more.—*Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D. D., in the Independent.*

### *SPEECH OF MR. SUMNER.*

THAT we very much like the retort of Mr. Charles Sumner upon the Senatorial bullies and bull-dogs, we need not say, for we publish it this morning, and we know that even in its abridged and telegraphic form it will give great pleasure to our readers. It has in it more nerve and music than we have been able to find in Mr. Sumner's previous forensic efforts. The hot-headed and insolent gentlemen who reckoned upon Mr. Sumner's forbearance have found out their mistake, and nothing was left them but a stupid and ill-mannered threat of sending him to Coventry. As if their society was a blessing, their company the most desirable, and their conversation a perpetual fountain of joy! As if Mr. Sumner could not do very well without their association! As if he had not, by his keen and masterly analysis of their shallowness and sophistry, their weakness and want of principle, sent them all into moral Coventry forever!

Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Sumner have both faithfully and firmly defended the rights of Massachusetts in the Senate, and have earned the hearty approbation of all good citizens. What we want in the discussion of this question is a thorough separation of its pith and main purpose from the parisitical nonsense which southern passion is perpetually engrafting upon it. The utter and hopeless absurdity of talking about the Fugitive Slave Law as of something particularly solemn and sacred ought to be exposed, and, we are glad to say, is in a fair way of being exposed most thoroughly. Gentlemen of the South have used this statute as a mere stalking horse for the display of sectional antics. They must be dismounted, and the beast put through his natural paces. He must be inspected as to his mouth and his limbs—he must be criticised and judged from his cranium to his caudal regions. To claim infallibility for a statute which has yet upon it the fire-new gloss of novelty—to call that the cornerstone of the Union which the Union found needless for much more than half a century—to pronounce any law of Congress the sole condition of the perpetuity of the Republic—is to utter drivelling inanities too monstrously-absurd to require refutation. The Fugitive Slave Law is neither a thistle nor a porcupine, and by no constitutional or legal right can it cry out "*Noli me tangere*" to the free citizen-sovereigns of the United States. It must submit to examination, and if need be to extinction. Admitting all that the burning lovers of the Constitution assert—admitting that Congress has a right to pass such a law—is this the only one possible? Can it not be divested of some of its harshest and most cruel provisions? can it not be made less summary? can it not be moulded into a less probable vehicle of abuse? can it not be made to lean, as all laws ought to, somewhat nearer to the side of mercy and of liberty? But no! this we are told by its ardent supporters is impossible. Tariffs may be tinkered and the judiciary laws revised; a statute of bankruptcy may be enacted and repealed; the post-office establishment may be reformed, and a new department of the Executive government may be created; everything that Congress has done, Congress may undo, excepting only this. Concerning everything else, public sentiment is consulted; but when this statute is taken from the table to be presently considered, nothing is thought of but the wishes of a little oligarchy of slave-owners!

Petition after petition may be sent to the Senate, but, though they are numerous as the falling leaves of autumn, they are no more to be regarded than the dank and rotten foliage of last year! The Joneses and the Pettits and the Butlers would sweep them like rubbish from the floor of the Senate chamber to which they had been consigned. This is equivalent to the false assertions that the runaway negroes of Virginia cannot be restored to their owners in any other way than in that which this statute prescribes—that, though we must do this most unpleasant duty, we shall have no voice in arranging and settling the manner of its performance—that a statute which cannot be executed in the most moral and law abiding city of the Union without bloodshed and almost irrepressible popular tumult, is not susceptible of improvement, and is the perfection of legislation! For to this same feature must it come at last. But if the fugtiive slave law is something which we must not mention in our petitions—if it is something which we must not debate, why did its framers and supporters permit any member of either House to speak against it or to record his vote against it?

There are certain things contained in the Constitution which no man can misunderstand, and which no sophistry can misinterpret. But the provision for the rendition of persons held to service is not one of these. The Constitution requires that the fugitive shall be "delivered up." This means, we think, if it means anything, that the State into which he has escaped shall deliver him up. It is an act of the State, and not a seizure by the power and authority of the United States. Did the State of Massachusetts "deliver up" Anthony Burns? This suggests one point of doubtful constitutionality, and there are many others. Those who have read the decision of a learned Judge in Wisconsin, and of a learned Commissioner in Ohio, will know that, in the opinion of some of the soundest lawyers in the country, the Fugitive Slave Law contains many provisions unwarranted by a just construction of the Constitution. We do not say whether they are right or wrong, but we insist, as long as this wide difference of opinion prevails, that the question of the constitutionality of the law shall be regarded as an open one in the Senate. We deny the right of Mr. Butler or of Mr. Jones, or of anybody else, to treat it as a point irrevocably fixed and settled. It is true that the judicial tribunals have passed upon it, but judges are not immortal, and the gravest decisions may be overruled. The English law, by a series of decisions upon the side of liberty, made by judges whose shoe-latchets men like the Curtises and Lorings of the present time would have been unworthy to unloose, has been gradually changed from a cruel and barbarous code into something more worthy of modern enlightenment. But no bench has power to dictate to Senators, or to restrain the legislative freedom of the country. Nor have we yet been informed that the Supreme Court, or any other court, has declared that it would be illegal for the Senate of the United States, in its wisdom, to repeal this or any other public law upon the statute book, or that Mr. Chief Justice has directed that body to deny to the fugitive a trial by jury or those wholesome and humane presumptions which are conceded to every criminal.

That Mr. Sumner should avow that he recognises no obligation to return fugitive slaves, will be considered very terrible and very treasonable by sundry shallow Senators, and some still more shallow newspapers. We advise no honest man to be deceived or discommoded by the tirade and touchwood talk to which we shall be treated. 'Tis an age of babble, and these gusty mouthings are all a paltry pretence. Any man who is willing to take the responsibility, has a right to judge for himself of the constitutionality of any law. We understand Mr. Sumner to assert this right, and to assume the responsibility. Certainly he could give no stronger assurance of the sincerity of his opinions. No man in the Senate has a right to question him as to what he would or would not do in a given emergency. Whenever that emergency arises it will be time enough for Mr. Sumner to determine upon a particular course; and when that determination has been acted upon, it will be time enough for the law-abiding Butler, and the lucid Clay the Little, to vindicate the majesty of what they call justice. But speaking abstractly, and pressed, as he was, by a horde of angry creatures with the forms of men, and manners of hulking school boys, Mr. Sumner did right to put his response into precisely the language which he used, more especially since all necessary qualifications were to be found in what he had previously said.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

### *FUGITIVE SLAVES.*

PREVIOUS to the formation of the Federal Union all the Colonies endured the curse of Slavery, which British avarice had inflicted upon them. In several of them, however, the institution had grown unpopular, and steps had been taken taken towards its abolition. When the Constitution was formed it was apprehended that slaves would escape from Slave States into the Free States; and that in such cases they would be released from servitude by the operation and effect of the local law, and that the owners would thus be prevented from reclaiming them. It was a foreseen case of conflict of local laws—and it became important to fix the principle by which all such cases should be decided.

Accordingly, when the Constitution was framed, a provision was inserted, declaring that

"No person held to service or labour in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, *in consequence of any law or regulation therein*, be *discharged* from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due."

The intent and scope of this provision are perfectly clear. If no controversy had ever arisen on the subject, every man on reading it would say at once that its object was simply to *prevent* an apprehended evil—namely the enfranchisement, by the laws of any State, of those whom the laws of another held to be slaves. The clause is strictly and exclusively prohibitory. It *forbids* certain State legislation—or, to speak still more accurately, it declares that such legislation shall not, in certain specified cases, produce a certain specified effect. Fugitive slaves shall not be *freed* by the laws of States into which they may escape. They shall not, in consequence of any such law or regulation, be discharged from service so as to be kept, by operation of law, from those to whom it may be due; but on the contrary, they shall be delivered up *on claim*—that is to say, on proper legal proof that the service alleged is actually due.

This would be the plain, simple, unsophisticated interpretation which any intelligent person, who had no political theory to establish and no sectional or political purposes to carry out, would put upon the clause. But how different is the provision as it now stands, under the incessant action of Congress, Court of Law, political demagogues and the slaveholding oligarchy which has used all those for the attainment of its ends? Instead of being prohibitory in its character and scope, it is now made to enjoin *upon the Federal Government* the labour and expense of hunting, seizing and delivering up slaves who may escape from one State into another. It is treated as giving new powers to Congress—as clothing the General Government with functions utterly alien to its ordinary character. And more than this, it is held to impose upon every individual citizen the duty of taking part *personally* in the seizure and return of fugitive slaves; and two grey-headed Senators from South Carolina and Virginia—States which have signalized their history by their assertion of State rights and their intense hostility to extending the powers of the Federal Government—have denounced as a *traitor* to the Constitution one of their colleagues, who ventured to repel the assumption that this clause imposed upon him any such duty.

Senator Sumner's reply to his insolent and unmannerly assailants, which we published yesterday, was admirable. If it did not make them ashamed of the plantation airs they are in the habit of putting on, upon the floor of the Senate, they are indeed impervious to such impressions. Sumner has always been recognised as a gentleman of ability and of distinguished culture and scholarship; but this single speech, more than any other he has ever made, shows him to be of clear practical sense, prompt in resenting personal injustice, and able to strike quite as heavy blows as any of his enemies, and with a degree of courtesy and grace to which they are strangers.

The prevalent public sentiment in regard to the Fugitive Slave law illustrates strikingly the tendency of power to steal into the hands of a united, bold and desperate class-interest, under cover of constructions; so that, ultimately, what nobody would have dreamed of holding at the outset, becomes established law, and he is branded as a traitor who doubts it. It is not easy to see whither this process will lead us, if it continues to go on unchecked. It has already rendered federal legislation subservient in almost everything to the interest and ambition of Slavery; and it will not be for lack of effort, if it does not make every Northern man in Congress the cringing and subservient tool of the oligarchy which is seeking thus to establish its complete supremacy over all the concerns of the Republic.—*N. Y. Times.*

### *CONNECTICUT AGAINST SLAVE-HUNTING.*

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NEW HAVEN, Wednesday, June 28, 1854.

THE Legislature of this State have passed a bill entitled "*An Act for the Defence of Liberty,*" which is creating great excitement in this city among the pro-slavery men, and the whole world ought to know the high ground Connecticut has taken in regard to the odious Fugitive Slave Law. The Hon. H. B. Harrison, of this city, is the man to whom belongs the honour of introducing this bill into the Senate, and the Hon. David C. Sanford was its warmest supporter in that body. The bill passed the Senate yesterday, came up in the House of Representatives this morning, and was passed by a triumphant majority.

It was introduced into the House of Representatives by Augustus Brandegee, Esq., of New London, who supported it in his usual fearless and able manner. P. H. Oakley, Esq., of Bridgeport; Moses Pierce, of Norwich; and J. S. Allen, Esq., of East Windsor, made eloquent speeches in favour of its passage.

The Yeas and Nays were then ordered, and the vote stood: Yeas, 112; Nays, 85!

I have procured from the Clerk of the House a copy of the "Act for the Defence of Liberty," as it was passed, and send for it publication.

The public can rest assured that this act does not conflict with the Fugitive Slave law as passed by Congress; for the best lawyers and judges of several States have seen the law before it came before either branch of the Legislature, and have unanimously pronounced it constitutional.

We say, then, to chivalric Southern gentlemen who wish to kidnap into Slavery respectable coloured men of this State, *we are now prepared to attend to your cases of negro-stealing.* And we would add that, if you do not *happen* to prove your case clearly, you can pay a fine of *five thousand dollars*, and be imprisoned in the State Prison *five years!* Massachusetts and other Northern States will probably follow the example set by Connecticut, and another year slave-catching in the free States will be a hazardous business. And we say to the world, give to Connecticut the honour of *first* taking measures for the protection of coloured citizens against the encroachment of unprincipled slave-catchers.

VOX POPULI.

AN ACT FOR THE DEFENCE OF LIBERTY.

SECTION 1. Every person who shall falsely and maliciously declare, represent, or pretend that any free person entitled to freedom is a slave, or owes service or labour to any person or persons, with intent to procure, or to aid or assist in procuring, the forcible removal of such free person from this State as a slave, shall pay a fine of $5,000, and be imprisoned five years in the Connecticut State Prison.

SEC. 2. In all cases arising under this act, the truth of any declaration, representation, or pretence that any person, being or having been in this State as a slave, or owes or did owe service or labour to any other person, shall not be deemed proved except by the testimony of at least two creditable witnesses testifying to facts directly tending to establish the truth of such declaration, pretence, or representation, or by legal evidence equivalent thereto.

SEC. 3. Every person that shall wilfully and maliciously seize or procure to be seized any free person entitled to freedom, with intent to have such such free person sold into Slavery, shall pay a fine of $5,000, and be imprisoned five years in the Connecticut State Prison.

SEC. 4. Upon the trial of any prosecution arising under this act, no deposition shall be admitted as evidence of the truth of any statement in such deposition contained.

SEC. 5. Upon the trial of any prosecution arising under this act, any witness who shall, in behalf of the party accused, and intending to aid him in his defence, falsely and wilfully, in testifying, represent or pretend that any person is or ever was a slave, or does or ever did owe service or labour to any person or persons, such witness shall pay a fine of $5,000, and be imprisoned five years in the Connecticut State Prison.

SEC. 6. Whenever complaint or information shall be made against any person, for any defence described in any section of this act, and upon such complaint or information a warrant shall have been duly issued for the arrest of such person, any person who shall hinder or obstruct a sheriff, deputy sheriff or constable in the service of such warrant, or shall aid such accused person in escaping from the pursuit of such officer, shall be imprisoned one year in the Connecticut State Prison.

SEC. 7. No declaration, pretence or representation that any person is, or was, an apprentice for a fixed term of years, or owes or did owe service merely as such an apprentice for such fixed term, shall be deemed prohibited by this act, and no such declaration, pretence or representation that any person is or was such an apprentice, for such fixed term, or owes or did owe service merely as such an apprentice for such fixed term, shall render any person liable to any penalty under this act.

### *JONES.*

WE have known many asses by the name of Jones, but none of them have been made Senators. By some accident, Jones of Tennessee has reached that height, and, by so doing, has afforded the nation a practical illustration of the old proposition about the climbing monkey and his caudal appendage. The South is successful in almost everything, and always finds a knave to do knavish and a fool to say foolish things. Jones performs the last mentioned service. Upon the presentation of the Boston petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, Jones made a refreshing exhibition of the passion and imbecility which we thought had long ago gone out of fashion. That the merchants and mechanics of Boston should petition for the repeal of a law, excited the wrath of the Tennesseean Jones. He thought it monstrous, he thought it seditious, he thought it treasonous, he thought it wicked, he thought it too vile a thing to refer, for he thought it might contaminate even a Congressional Committee. He spied, like Evans, his brother Welshman, a great beard under the muffler. He saw in the petition Southern degradation and humiliation; and, with that long nose of his, he smelt in every signature a conspiracy to break down the Constitution of the United States. He had in, of course, the Court House Mob in all its horrors; he grew pluvious over the murdered Batchelder, and, in the maudlin weakness of his woe, compared that respected truckman to the martyred Warren. He mixed and mingled the petition with the Address of the Anti-Nebraska Representatives, and he made the highest kind of treason out of the conglomeration. Not to enlarge at too great a length upon the spasmodic phenomena exhibited by Jones, we may simply state that, with the usual fervour, he consigned Boston and Boston men and Boston notions to that unhallowed locality which is never mentioned to polite ears. And having done this, we can imagine Jones, sudorific as a porker, sinking back in his chair after the Julien method. If some power had then but given to Jones the gift of seeing himself as others saw him, what mortification would have pervaded his sublime bosom! Gradually would he have seen the old auricular appendages which whilom decorated the head of Midas, springing from his own glowing cheeks; and, if conscience ruled the hour, how loudly and piteously would he have echoed the renowned aspiration of Dogberry!

We beg pardon of the reader if we have treated this matter too jocosely. We believe in the efficacy of laughter—we have an excellent opinion of ridicule when it is directed against the Joneses of this foolish world. We would answer him according to his folly—we cannot on paper speak of him with that contempt which we feel for him in all our members. He is a Senator. He is supposed to assist in making laws for the whole republic. He is my servant, good reader and he is yours—he is sent to Washington to do our business, and to attend to our proper and well-timed requests. A flunkey who should dispute the commands of his master would be kicked down stairs or thrown out of the window. We are more merciful towards Jones, for we only laugh at him. What is this Fugitive Slave Law for the repeal of which we must not petition? Where did it get its Medean, its Persian irrevocability? Other laws which the whole heart of the country held to be sacred have been repealed, and ruthlessly repealed, against its most earnest remonstrance. What has made this statute sacred? Is it because it tears husband from wife, brother from brother, the child from the bosom of its mother? Are we living indeed in a Christian age—are we indeed a civilized people? The Fugitive Slave Law has been feebly called a Bill of Abominations, but such characterization is altogether too weak to content us. Mr. Jones may never have thought of the matter; but if he does not, we can tell him what the Fugitive Slave Law does. It poisons the peace of honest [illegible] takes the sweetness out of prosperity and the nerve out of labour; it stifles hope and discourages enterprise; it steals from the poor man the pleasant consciousness of possession; it dogs him like a mocking spectre at his daily toil; it returns with him to the bosom of his family—a family which, alas! may at any time be annihilated—it follows him to his pillow and sneers at him in his dreams. Nor is this all. While this infernal law is in operation, a black mother hardly dares to love her child, or a black husband his wife. All may be blasted to-morrow where all to-day is bright. We have all of us our little and common place agonies—we mourn our great bereavements—we weep in utter desolation at the grave of our little ones—we will not be comforted. But time tempers the bitter cup, and other pleasures take the places of those we have lost. For the poor creature who is threatened by this terrible statute there can be no consolation. At any time the spoiler may come—at any time the pleasant lights of home may be extinguished. This is the precarious, comfortless, cursed condition to which the Fugitive Slave Law has reduced hundreds of sober, hard-working, heretofore very happy families. Since Herod slew the first born of Judea, we do not believe that the world has witnessed such a concentrated sublimate of domestic agony. And does Mr. Jones suppose that by a few sharp or silly words he can suppress the indignation which atrocities like these create? We are men and we must feel them like men. Not until the last trace of pity is banished from the social bosom—not until the human heart is utterly ossified into a most unnatural and inconceivable stolidity—not until sympathy, kindness, affection, have become obsolete words in our language—not until then, shall we view with equanimity the dismemberment of families and the reduction of free citizens to Slavery.

The Fugitive Slave Law must be discussed, petitioned against, and finally repealed. Our whole nature intuitively protests against it; and through a million of Joneses gape and bid us hold our peace, we cannot do so if we would. Gentlemen from the South had better make up their minds to hear some very blunt words, to encounter many long petitions, and to undergo many searching debates. If Jones of Tennessee is sensitive, to Tennessee had Mr. Jones better return. We do not mean to have the Union dissolved—we do not mean to permit the South to dissolve the Union, but we do mean to have this diabolical law blotted from the statute-book.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

### *SOUTHERN EXAMPLE.*

THE people of the South, as a mass, underrate northern men and northern institutions, and it is, perhaps, profitable to examine for a moment some of the causes of this sentiment. The prevailing political idea in the slave States is an intense feeling of State pride and individuality. Southerners never get down from their exalted position; when they go begging, it is on horseback. This arises from the generally accepted doctrines of Mr. Calhoun, originated in his mind from the perceived weakness of the slave States, compared with the free, whence it was his study through life to make the States as sovereign as possible, and no further dependent on the Federal Government than as it could be used as a convenience. The citizens of the northern States, on the contrary, under the tutelage of Mr. Webster, have gradually disciplined themselves into a subordination of State pride, and have yielded, through mistaken devotion, until the Federal Government has been invoked by the South to enforce laws within the northern States that are opposed, not only to the spirit of the Constitution and to State sovereignty, but also to the feelings of the people; and hence, as was recently seen in Boston, we are from time to time brought to the verge of civil war. The southern man, who sits by his fireside, and reads of the scenes of violence enacted in the "Burns case," and learns that the State-House was swarming with the hirelings of the Federal Government—that the United States soldiers, in a time of profound peace, walked through the city of a sovereign State armed with ball cartridges, and at any instant ready to shoot down its citizens—for the moment loses sight of every other sentiment than indignation, that a people of any State should be so cowardly as to permit such desecration; he feels at once a contempt for such pusillanimous conduct, and ascribes it, in his temporary self-esteem, to the degrading influence of free institutions. He feels and knows that a southern State would not submit to such humiliation, for with it would be yielded the protection of the minority against the majority; in other words, the ability of the South to hold in check the superior power of the North.

The southern man has a feeling of contempt for the free States, because they permit their citizens to be unconstitutionally imprisoned at the South, and, in defiance of the plainest principles of the Constitution, not only deprived of the most sacred rights, but often, for no crime, sold into never-ending servitude. A native citizen of New York, a voter at the polls, a tax-payer under the sacred guarantee "that citizens of each State shall be entitled to the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States," goes to any southern port, and if his skin be dark, he is at once imprisoned, until the speediest means can be had for sending him away, or possibly by connivance of the authorities he may be sold for jail fees, and be doomed to Slavery! New York, powerful as she is, and should be, makes no efficient appeal in behalf of the victim; she cannot get the President and the Federal authorities to back her in sustaining her claim, and there is no power exerted to reach and remedy this violation of the rights of a sovereign State. But when the people of the South demand "a fugitive," and upon a right founded on a questionable construction of the Constitution, enter a northern State, its people, its arms, its Court-Houses, are all called into successful requisition, and, according to the southern fiction, not to obtain the rights of one of their citizens, but a sum of absconding money!

When Judge Hoar, one of the most estimable men of Massachusetts, was commissioned by that old Commonwealth to go to Charleston and New Orleans as an agent to protect the citizens of Massachusetts, under the plainest clause of the Constitution, his personal rights, white man and the official embassador of a sovereign State as he was, were not respected; his mission was scoffed at, and amid the hootings and yellings of an infuriated mob, he escaped from death, the Mayors of the cities named with difficulty restraining violence, and announcing that after a specified time he would be left to destruction. As he passed through the armed fiends who were clamouring for his life, for daring to assert the rights of the free citizens of Massachusetts in the city of Charleston, it was perhaps the protecting presence of his fair daughter that saved him from violence. But why were not the public squares of Charleston and New Orleans enfiladed with cannon? Why were not the State and Federal troops armed and paraded through the streets of these southern cities? Simply because their people declared that the intent of Judge Hoar's visit was in *violation of a municipal ordinance*, which was superior to all other laws, for the protection of the peace and quiet of Charleston and New Orleans, and therefore superior in that

instance to the Federal Constitution!

If southern States and corporations can make laws for their local protection; if they can so successfully defy the power that is so much invoked to carry out the Fugitive Slave Law; if they can claim that their peace and safety demand the sacred observance of these local ordinances—would it be treason in the cities of the North to imitate their southern brethren and pass laws that would suppress civil commotion and insurrection? Have the northern States and the northern people no individuality, and is the Federal Government only a negro-catching agency for the benefit of the slave States, against which every assertion of northern rights is impossible? Or is the example of the South one which the North is too timorous to follow?—*N. Y. Tribune.*


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854.


## WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

THE New York Anti-Slavery Society will celebrate the next Anniversary of the Emancipation of the Slaves of the British West Indies, on TUESDAY, August 1st., by a Pic-Nic Excursion to Flushing and a public meeting in the grove known as St. Ronan's Well. Hon. HORACE GREELEY, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY and Hon. ERASTUS D. CULVER have been engaged as speakers for the occasion. All friends of the cause and the public generally are invited to be present. Further particulars hereafter.

LAUREN WETMORE,
ROWLAND JOHNSON, } Com. of Arrangements.
ELIAS SMITH,

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Fourth of July is past, and we imagine that there are very few peaceable members of society, men women, and even children, that do not thank God for it. It has become a Nuisance and a Terror. Fit holiday for fit nation! A Carnival of Mischief and Misrule, the Saturnalia of the ignorant, the most degraded and the most abandoned of its inhabitants! The fierce, brutal revel of a nation drunk with prosperity and vanity, exalting itself above all that is called God, and rejoicing in its career of fraud, cruelty and rapine! Perhaps it is best that it should be so. At any rate, it cannot be otherwise. As the gods of every people are carved in their own image, so their festivals must be according to the imaginations of their own hearts. The Fourth of July is called the Birthday of the Nation. The Nation is the Sovereign of the land. It is usual and fit to celebrate the natal days of princes, and the celebration must needs take its character from that of the one whose birth is solemnized. It is not unfit that the birthday of a Nation that holds every sixth man, woman and child within its territory as a bond-slave, which makes the condition of Slavery co-extensive with its soil, and which directs its whole art of government and State-craft to the single end of multiplying slaves and holding them the more securely—it is not unfit that the birthday of such a Nation should be ushered in with riot and disorder, and marked by the most boisterous and savage excesses. It is the Order of Nature. It is according to the Eternal Fitness of things. But it is extremely unpleasant to be obliged to live under such an Order and to be subject to such a Fitness. But it must be so until the People are renewed in the spirit of their minds, and have learned, in the struggle for a better state of things, how a genuine triumph of Liberty should be solemnized, and its Festivals held.

And what a spectacle that day presents from one end of the land to the other! The streets of cities bridged with triumphal arches, mottoed with the sayings of the saints and martyrs of Liberty, along which innocent men have been led back to Slavery, between files of rampant Republicans in arms! Orations pronounced by elect speech-makers, magnifying men as the only depositaries of Freedom, who are ready to seize men who have vindicated their right to Liberty by the risk of their lives, and to restore them to the blackest despotism that ever cast a shadow upon earth! And this willingness declared authentically to be the only true expression of loyalty to the institutions of the country, and this most detestable of crimes their only safeguard and palladium! There is no adulation of crowned powers, no exalting of the names of the sceptred oppressors of mankind more gross or more ludicrous than is offered up to the greasy constituents of our own slavocracy. Flattery is the curse of princes, and the essence of flatterers is falsehood. The flattery that is poured out in floods sufficient to make the land a stench and an abomination, every Fourth of July, is as fulsome and as false as any that was ever offered up to king or kaisar. Slave-catchers the chosen vessels of Freedom! Men marching about the streets with muskets on their shoulders, whose only actual service was helping to carry back into Slavery one man who had shown himself their better by the perils he had encountered in behalf of Freedom and Independence, as the escort of the lovers of Liberty and honourers of the Fathers! A Governor refusing to execute the laws of his State, and then complimenting, over their wine, the men who had broken them, and all that a man who had made himself free might be made a slave again! Did the eccentric imagination of Rabelais or the morbid misanthropy of Swift ever conjure up such grotesque monstrosities and incredible contradictions as these?

The Fourth of July, 1776, was a day worthy of remembrance and gratitude. It was marked by the enunciation of great principles, the issues of which were but imperfectly foreseen by those that uttered them. They were like the cabalistic shell which, as the eldritch tales say, evokes a spirit which the sorcerer cannot control and which performs works which he had never contemplated. What they did overthrew the Bourbons, set the heel of Napoleon on the neck of Europe, animated the struggles of Poland and of Hungary, set South America and Mexico free from the dominion of Spain, and established an Empire of the Blacks in Hayti. These were not the effects to which they looked, nor the yet longer and as yet unforeseen train of consequences that will yet proceed from their action. But the results to their own continent and their own children were as unlooked for as any of these which have reached the destinies of unthought of nations. The material prosperity which has waited on their descendants, the almost fabulous increase of population, the vast multiplication of national resources, is far in advance of their most sanguine hopes. But was it for this that they severed themselves from the parent State and established the foundation of a new empire? They looked forward to a Republic where Rights would be secure, where every man would enjoy his own personal rights and all that he might acquire by their exercise, unmolested, or protected and vindicated by equal laws. Could they have foreseen what we see, would they have thought it worth their while to do what they did? If they could have seen the Republic they established resting on Human Slavery as its Corner Stone, and recognising Slavery as the only engrossing object of political action and diplomatic address, if they could have seen all the land robbery, and wars with Indians for protecting fugitive slaves and with Catholics for having abolished Slavery, and all the cruel legislation and base and infamous submissions that have grown out of it, would they have signed that famous parchment? If they would, they were not worthy of the work to which they were called, and it would have been better for them and for the world if it had never been engrossed with those burning words which have set the world on fire.

It was a great day in its purposes and in its effects, but it was the forerunner only of a yet greater day. The Revolution of which that Act was one of the most memorable monuments was far from being completed by it, nor yet by the Accomplishment of the Independence it announced. Revolutions are but changes in men's minds. The overturns take place first in the Kingdom within us. The outward changes of Institutions and forms of government are but the projections and shadows which those inward changes cast into the outward world. The men of that generation were not ready for the perfect liberty after which they looked. It was, after all, only a lame and halting Liberty, one with clipped wings and held down to earth by chains that they worshiped. They believed, indeed, [illegible] most of them, that the chains would drop off of themselves and leave her free to fly on her [illegible] missions of deliverance. They did not hold them, with their sons, to be the peculiar badge of her divinity, in which lay the virtue and the essence of her power. But they failed to shake them off, and we find that they are almost all that their politic wisdom and their bloody struggle have left to us. Some few privileges, in the provinces, we enjoy which we derived from our British ancestors; but the only prerogative that they have won for us is that of holding and hunting and restoring slaves. We were possessed of the rights of British subjects before; all they added to them was the duty of kidnapping men as good as ourselves, or as good lovers of liberty as they were. Did they contemplate this condition of things? Is it not an insult to their memories to propound the question? And yet, why should it be, if all that is heard from Presidents, Senators, Legislators, Judges and Orators, and to which the People say Amen, be the words of Truth and Soberness?

Now this is a state of things that cannot endure forever. All the vapouring of politicians and all the glozing lies of priests cannot impose upon the common sense and the common humanity of the world, both of which have passed sentence of death upon it. The Revolution which is to be crowned by the true Independence Day is on foot, and it can never go back until it has done its perfect work. How it will accomplish this work can no more be seen from this point of time than the Battle of Yorktown and the Peace of Eighty-Three could be discerned from Bunker's Hill or Lexington. But it is as certain to happen in the one case as in the other. More certain, indeed, for the country is more ripe for this conflict than it was for that. How it will come to pass no man can say. It may be ushered in by the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the fall of cities, the massacre of guilty races by the races they have afflicted. Or it may come compelled only by the necessities of Commerce and the compulsion of the public sentiment of the world, and its advent be only marked by peace and joy and thanksgiving. But come it must and will, and then the world will have a true Festival of Freedom, mocked by no derisive contradictions, at which all mankind may assist, and which will be truly the first fruits of the Redemption of the Race. Till then, let our bastard Independence Day be only used by the genuine friends of freedom as a text of rebuke and denunciation—as a Pretext, a Sham and a Lie, which is to be superseded by the Feast of that Freedom with which God would make his children free indeed.

E. Q.

## IMPORTANT CONVENTION.

The large committee appointed for that purpose by the great Anti-Nebraska meeting held in the Park on the 13th of May last—a Committee composed of men of all political parties—have issued a call for a Convention to be composed of delegates appointed by the voters of the State of New York, to assemble at Saratoga Springs, on the 16th of August. The objects of the convention are thus set forth:

To consider what measures are necessary and proper for the protection of the free States from Southern aggression and Northern treachery;

For the recovery of the rights of the free States as an integral part of the Union; and

For the rescue of the General Government from the control of the slave power.

The signers of the call (among whom are eminent Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers), without intending to control the action of the Convention, suggest that the following topics, among others, may command its attention:

*First.* The propriety of convening a Congress of Delegates from all the free States and Territories, and from such portions of the slave States as sympathize with the objects proposed for consideration in the general call of this Convention.

*Second.* The necessity of thorough preparation for the Fall Elections, that none may be sent to the Congress of the United States except those who can be relied on for a firm and unflinching opposition to the designs and encroachments of the slave representation.

*Third.* The best method of permanently restricting the institution of Slavery to the limits prescribed by the Missouri Compromise, and the absolute and complete release of the people of the free States from any participation in, or responsibility for, its longer existence.

## SLAVE-HUNTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We copy the following account of two recent slave-hunts on the Southern border of Pennsylvania from the *Gettysburgh Star.* Alas! that in a *free* country the pursuit of runaway slaves, like the pursuit of knowledge, should be attended with difficulties that sorely perplex and baffle the pursuers!

It is some time since the good people of Adams County were entertained with a "slave-hunt" within their borders. Tom. Finnegan, if we recollect aright, led the chase on the last occasion, and subsequently took lodgings in the Eastern Penitentiary, since which slave-hunting has not been thought very profitable in this region—certainly not very respectable. Last week, however, our county was honoured with two slave-hunts, the denouement of one of which happened within our personal observation. One morning, the 6th inst., three tall, likely specimens of "human chattels," from Maryland, for whose ears the music of clanking chains and the task-master's whip had lost their charms, passed through this place *en route* for a land of freedom. Not long after followed, in hot pursuit, a couple of "claimants," offering a reward of $500 as they went. But the "chattels" had got the start. The chase continued as far as Harrisburg, where the pursuing party had the pleasure of learning that their prey had taken the "underground railroad" about half an hour before, and were beyond their reach! The hunters returned through this place on Friday evening, having spent some four or five days in the fruitless chase.

On Friday last we had another "hunt," gotten up by several of our own citizens, whose dutiful regard for the Constitution and laws of the country led them to *volunteer* their services in the reclamation of "fugitives from service or labour." It seems that a party of coloured persons, consisting of a husband, wife, and child, and another grown man, were overhauled near Arendtstown, in this county, as fugitive slaves, by Andrew Hartman (miller), of Franklin township, and a Mr. Gallagher. After some deliberation it was determined to haul them down to Gettysburgh, here to await the arrival of their masters—Hartman acting as teamster and Gallagher as out-rider. By some means, one of the darkies, soon after the arrest, managed to effect his escape, leaving the husband, wife and child in possession of the captors. The husband was thereupon securely corded, and all went well till within a mile or so of Gettysburgh, when it was deemed advisable that Gallagher should ride to town and make arrangements for the reception of the prisoners. The latter had gone but a short distance, when the wife unloosed the cords which fettered the husband's arms, and he, springing from the wagon, took to the woods, and was out of sight before Andy had time to communicate the escape to his comrade. Gallagher turned in fruitless pursuit of the husband, and Andy proceeded to town with the balance of his charge, now reduced to the wife and child. Driving up to the County Prison, he demanded room for his prisoners, but Sheriff Scott, not clearly understanding that he had a right to furnish accommodations for others than those officially committed to his custody, referred him to our committing magistrates. Andy immediately drove his team to the front of the *Star* office, but not finding the Justice at home, went in search of him, leaving the wagon in care of the woman and her child. A kind word from a gentleman passing by induced the weeping mother to leap from the wagon, and away she went, leaving the team to take care of itself. That night the whole party got safely on the "underground railroad," and have not since been heard of by their generous captors!

THE FRAMINGHAM CELEBRATION.—Last week's *Liberator* contains a pretty full account of the great meeting held at Framingham on the 4th, under the auspices of the *Mass. Anti-Slavery Society.* Mr. Garrison presided, and speeches were made by him, by C. L. Remond. John C. Cluer, Mr. A. D. Conway, Sojourner Truth, Henry D. Thoreau, Lucy Stone, Rev. John Pierpont and Dr. H. O. Stone. Mr. Garrison, at the close of his address, said he would proceed to perform an action which would be the testimony of his own soul to all present, of the estimation in which he held the pro-slavery laws and deeds of the nation. Producing a copy of the *Fugitive Slave Law*, he set fire to it, and it burnt to ashes. Using an old and well-known phrase, he said, "And let all the people say, *Amen*"; and a unanimous cheer and shout of "Amen" burst from the vast audience. [illegible], Mr. Garrison burned the decision of Edward G. Loring in the case of Anthony Burns, and the late charge of Judge Benjamin R. Curtis to the United States Grand Jury in reference to the "treasonable" assault upon the Court House for the rescue of the fugitive—the multitude ratifying the fiery immolation with shouts of applause. Then holding up the U. S. Constitution, he branded it as the source and parent of all the other atrocities—"a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"—and consumed it to ashes on the spot, exclaiming, "So perish all compromises with tyranny!" "And let all the people say, Amen!" A tremendous shout of "Amen!" went up to heaven in ratification of the deed, mingled with a few hisses and wrathful exclamations from some who were evidently in a rowdyish state of mind, but who were at once cowed by the popular feeling.

VOICE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Legislature of the Granite State, after long and earnest discussion, in which the partisans of the President exerted themselves to the utmost, adopted the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the State of New Hampshire reaffirms the principles promulgated by her House of Representatives in 1850, "that the people are bound by no compact, expressed or implied, to suffer the introduction of Slavery into territory now free, and that they are unalterably opposed to the erection of any territory without its prohibition by positive law."

2. Resolved, That the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by the passage of the Nebraska and Kansas bill, so called, was in violation of those principles, was unnecessary, impolitic, a breach of faith with the North, dangerous and wrong.

3. Resolved, That the course of George W. Morrison and George W. Kittredge, a portion of our delegation in Congress, in resisting such repeal, receives the hearty and united approval of the people of New Hampshire.

4. Resolved, That the course of Harry Hibbard, Moses Norris, and Jared W. Williams, the other members of our delegation, in voting for such repeal, was in opposition to the wishes of the people of the State, treacherous to freedom and the great cause of equality and human rights, and meets our decided reprobation.

The 1st was adopted by a vote of 160 to 118; the 2d, 155 to 119; the 3d, 156 to 110; and the 4th, 152 to 117. A resolution directing the Secretary of State to forward copies of the resolutions to the President and members of Congress, was passed after considerable discussion and various attempts to ward it off.

All attempts to elect United States Senators have proved unavailing. The President worked the wires and cracked the party whip in vain. The election must therefore be postponed for a year and be the controlling element in the choice of a new Legislature. We *hope*, but with fear and trembling, that New Hampshire is about to emerge from her long captivity to the Slaveocracy. Time will tell.

THE MANCHESTER FUGITIVE SAFE.—Our readers will remember the flight from Manchester, N. H., immediately after the rendition of Burns, of a noble coloured man named Moore, who heard that the "hunters of men" were on his track. Our friend, Dr. Wellington, of this city, has sent us the Montreal *Pilot* of a recent date, in which we find the following evidence of the safety of the hunted man:

"Edwin Moore is now in Montreal, but however much the slave-catchers may want him, they had better not seek him here, or they will assuredly find *more* than they calculate upon. Perhaps a ducking-stool, and bath in the St. Lawrence, would cool their Southern zeal. We can confirm all that is said of Moore's ability and intelligence. He is an exceedingly favourable specimen of his kind. He is now working at his trade (that of a barber) in St James street, and is a very skillful operator, besides being a steady and well informed man. Moore has a wife and three children, and, as it would be unsafe for him to return to any part of the United States, he had better settle down permanently in Montreal. Being a complete master of his trade, his patrons in the Eastern States, and philanthropists in the Provinces, could not do a more kindly act than to provide him with means to bring his family to Montreal, and to start him in business. We shall be ready to add our own mite in aid of so good a movement, and to do anything else that can forward the object."

ARREST FOR KIDNAPPING.—A man named Merrill was arrested at Gloversville, Fulton County, on the 7th inst., charged with kidnapping Solomon Northup, a free coloured man of Saratoga Co., in 1841, the history of whose enslavement for a period of twelve years, and of his final release, was published some time since in a large duodecimo volume. The prisoner was armed with pistols and Bowie knives, but so prompt was the arrest that he had not time to use them. He is reported to be a real desperado, and had he had the least suspicion of being arrested, he would no doubt have used his weapons freely. Northup identified him the moment he got his eye upon him. We have not heard the result of the examination, which was expected to take place on Tuesday last. Meanwhile, we are enabled to state that J. L. Russell, captain of the canal-boat J. F. Crain, of the Rochester City Line, and who is charged as an accomplice of the principal kidnapper, was also arrested on Monday last at Albany and taken in irons to Ballston Spa. Henry B. Northup, Esq., of Sandy Hill, Washington County, in whose family Sol was brought up, not satisfied with procuring his freedom at great expense, has been for two years endeavouring to ferret out and bring to justice the wretches who, for the sake of gain, trafficked in human flesh by deliberately selling a free man into bondage. His efforts now seem likely to prove completely successful.

CASSIUS M. CLAY delivered a powerful oration to an immense audience at Chicago on the 4th inst. He spoke over two hours, and when he sat down nine cheers were given for him, followed by three groans for Senator Douglas. Mr. Clay said that when it should be made plain to him that Slavery is to become the governing principle of the Union, he would be *against the Union.* "If," said he, "you want me to love the Union, you must make it loveable." He urged Northern men to stand firm at the present crisis, and not be alarmed by threats of disunion from the South. "What," he asked, "have you to fear if the 300,000 slaveholders should dissolve the Union? Let them go off if they will! But they will not go. They expect to play the same game of brag which they have played with so much success; but when they find you are in earnest, they will acquiesce." Mr. Clay admits, impliedly at least, that the slaveholders have controlled the national Government hitherto, but he thinks the North can shake them off without destroying the Union. Here is the delusion from which we hope he may be speedily delivered.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The members of this religious society who live in the vicinity of Kennett Square, Pa., have determined to build a new meeting-house, and have already raised nearly $2,000 for the purpose. Believing themselves justly entitled to the joint use of the houses of worship erected by their fathers, they yet have chosen to yield their rights rather than contend for them in courts of law. To avoid in future the petty annoyances and indignities which they have so long suffered at the hands of their opponents, they have abandoned the old houses entirely, and, until the completion of their new edifice, will hold their assemblies in Hamorton Hall. The owner of a small meeting-house, originally built for the Methodists, near Red Lion Hill, when he heard that the Progressives had been constrained to leave the temples where they had so long worshipped, nobly offered them the use of his house without compensation until they could erect one of their own.

THE *Tribune* warmly seconds a proposition to elect HENRY WARD BEECHER to the next Congress from some District that may be prepared to honour itself by choosing such a Representative. The law does not require a member of Congress to reside in the District represented by him, and the *Tribune* hopes to see the custom of electing none but residents set aside by the action of the people whenever there are good reasons, as there often are, for so doing. While on some accounts we should be glad to see Mr. Beecher in Congress, we are of the opinion that he is doing more good in his present sphere than he could hope to accomplish in that corrupt body.

EXPULSION OF MR. SUMNER.—The *National Era* alludes to the reports that have gone out from Washington to the effect that a proposition to expel Mr. Sumner from the Senate was under consideration among the Democratic members, and says that, at first, it scouted them as simply ridiculous; but on inquiry it learned that such a project was seriously canvassed. With whom it originated, and by how many it was countenanced, it does not know; but it does know that [illegible] among some of the Slavery Propagandists and their allies in the Senate to move a resolution to expel Mr. Sumner, and that at least one Democratic Senator, so-called, declared his purpose, if it were brought forward, to vote for it. It is a pity that the slaveholders could not be persuaded to undertake this job. They would learn a lesson from the result which they would not soon forget.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.—Cassius M. Clay, whose whole life has been spent in the midst of Slavery, uttered the following testimony respecting its cruelties, in his recent oration at Chicago:

Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin is a fair delineation of the modern workings of the institution. Some of your Northern Divines and some of our Southern Divines have said that this book was a lie, but I could bring up, from my own personal knowledge, extreme cases which would far exceed any of those of Mrs. Stowe's book. Even in Kentucky, a State where slaves are better kept, better fed, clothed, and cared for than anywhere else, packs of bloodhounds are kept to hunt down fugitive slaves. A few days before I left home, a gentleman told me that a pack of hounds had just been sold for $1,000 to hunt slaves in the Green River country. Yes, even in Kentucky, bloodhounds are kept to hunt down *men.*

THE LECTURERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS A. S. SOCIETY are, we learn, constantly engaged in their Sunday labours for the cause of freedom, and report that they never found among the people a greater interest in Anti-Slavery truth than now. The unmatched frauds of the Slaveholders, their arrogant and intolerable demeanour towards all true Northern men, and the treachery of Northern conspirators against freedom, have opened tens of thousands of eyes which, before, seemed to be of that proverbially blindest sort, who *would not* see.

—By reason of the illness of Rev. E. A. Stockman, Pastor of the Independent (Orthodox) Church in Cummington, Mass. (Mr. S. is also an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society), his pulpit will be supplied for the coming two or three weeks probably by Rev. Andrew T. Foss, of N. Hampshire, also an Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society, who will, in addition, lecture in the neighbouring towns during the intervening weeks.

NO MINISTERIAL CONVENTION.—The committee appointed by a meeting of clergymen, held in Boston during the last anniversary week, to confer with clergymen of all denominations in New England, with reference to calling a clerical Convention, to consult upon measures to be adopted in defence of Liberty, in its present perils, have concluded not to call such a Convention. They express the belief, that the mode of action most powerful, unembarrassed, and least open to misconstruction and misrepresentation, is, that the ministry exert their influence in the pulpit, by the press, and in their respective ecclesiastical bodies; and then, as American citizens, unite with their fellow-citizens in such general Conventions, as may be called, for deliberation and action in view of the present crisis. This announcement is signed by Lyman Beecher, D.D., Rev. John Pierpont, Prof. Stowe, Rev. E. N. Kirk, and others.

THE *Christian and Citizen* says the discrepancy we noticed between the doctrine set forth in the resolutions of the Liberty Party Convention and that contained in the Address issued by the same body is explained by the fact that the latter was *not adopted* by the Convention. It was sent in by its author, at the request of a few individuals, and was ordered to be published, but there was no vote taken on its adoption for want of time to harmonize it with the resolutions. We accept this explanation as entirely satisfactory, so far as the Convention is concerned.

OBEDIENCE TO BAD LAWS.—The reader will find on the first page an article from the pen of Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., in which the sin of obedience to unrighteous human enactments and the evils resulting from that sin are exhibited with remarkable clearness and force, in the light of principles which no humane or Christian man can gainsay or disregard. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that such a pen as Dr. Cheever's is employed in the discussion of such a theme.

THE *Richmond Enquirer*, in an article which we have copied under the Pro-Slavery head, arrays certain figures from the census tables to prove that crime is more prevalent in the Free than in the Slave States. Perhaps the following statement, which we find going the rounds, unquestioned, will throw light upon the logic of the article to which we refer.

"The New Orleans *Delta* averages the murders committed in that city, as one every twelve hours! Yet for two years there have been but eight convicted for the crime."

THE *Homestead Journal* (Salem, Ohio) comes to us in mourning on account of the death of its late editor, AARON HINCHMAN, which occurred on the 5th inst. He fell a victim to consumption, at the age of 84 years. The writer of this can bear personal testimony to his worth. He was an earnest opponent of Slavery and the friend of every humanitary reform.

CAUGHT.—William Uxford, alias Sullivan, the scoundrel who was arrested for a murderous assault upon Richard H. Dana, Jr., in Boston, at the time of the rendition of Burns, and who fled, leaving his bail in the lurch, has been arrested at New Orleans, and is to be brought back for trial.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 528, contains several articles of great value, among them a sketch of the life and career of Christina, Queen of Sweden, from *Chambers' Repository*, and a Review of Lee's "Last Days of Alexander and the First Days of Nicholas" (Emperors of Russia), from the *Spectator.* Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The number for July is on our table, its varied contents affording unmistakable evidenbe of the value of a periodical which we have often commended as one of the most entertaining in the English language. T. L. McElrath & Co., 17 Spruce St.

JUDGE HOAR (son of Hon. Samuel Hoar), in his recent charge to the Grand Jury in Boston, declared the act of the Mayor in calling out the militia to assist in the rendition of Burns to be an infraction of the law.

CHOLERA.—There were 98 deaths from this disease, in this city, in the week ending on Saturday last.

## POLITICS.

In Chittenden, Addison and Rutland Counties, Vermont, the Whigs and other opponents of the Nebraska fraud have united in the nomination of tickets for County officers.

——The Portland *Inquirer* (Free Democrat) thinks there is a fair probability of such a union of the opponents of Slavery Extension in Maine as will force the Slavocracy to evacuate the State forever.

——President Pierce is said to be deeply disappointed in his failure to control the action of the New Hampshire Legislature. His partisans had deceived him by assurances that there were no difficulties that could not be overcome by skillful management.

——The Democrats of Iowa have nominated for Congress two Nebraska doughfaces, while the Whigs have brought out for candidates men heartily opposed to Slavery extension, one of them being R. L. B. Clarke, a brother of Grace Greenwood. The next Legislature will elect a United States Senator, and it is hoped that he will not be, like his predecessor, a doughface.

——Elections are to be held in twenty-five of the States in a period of about three months. A majority of the members of the next House of Representatives are to be chosen, and in Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and California, Legislatures are to be elected, which will choose one Senator each, except that of North Carolina, which will elect two.

——John McKeon has been appointed U. S. District Attorney for this city, in place of Charles O'Conor. Mr. Westbrook, member of Congress from the Ulster District, is said to have had a promise of the place as a reward for treachery to his constituents in voting for the Nebraska bill. Bitter experience may perhaps impress upon his mind the salutary lesson, that slaveholders and their confederates are ever faithless to their vassals.

——In the latest batch of officials confirmed by the Senate we find the name of Henry Wood, of New Hampshire, who is set down as Consul to Beyrout (Syria). We suspect that this is the *Rev.* Henry Wood, formerly editor of the *Congregational Journal*, at Concord, who volunteered an endorsement of Franklin Pierce's moral character when that bad specimen of a political wire-puller became a candidate for the station he now dishonours. Beyrout is the seat of one of the missions of the American Board, and we venture to predict that in due time the religious journals will be furnished with edifying reports of his pious observations and experiences among the heathen.

——The Dover (New Hampshire) *Inquirer* tells the following story:

Previous to one of the recent ballotings for Senator in the Legislature, a well-known borer and agent for Wells approached a member and intimated to him that a $100 bill and a vote for Wells, which he held in his hand, were his, provided he would "get that vote into the ballot box." The member took the rag and the vote and said nothing. An hour after, sitting down by the side of a brother member in the House, he inquired who he was going to vote for? "For Wells, to be sure—here is my vote." "Ah, yes, I forgot, your vote is like this," holding out the one which he had received from the borer. "It is." "Well, what will you carry this vote for." "Carry it for?—why, I intend to carry one just like it." "Well, I will give you $10 to carry it." "It's a bargain." The friend of Wells took the $10 and the *marked* ballot, and put the latter into the box, where it was duly found by the secret spies of Wells, while the other member pocketed $90 by the operation.

——The Philadelphia *North American* remarks that "the withdrawal of Gov. Bigler from the pending canvass is just now a subject of serious agitation among a portion of the Democratic press of the State. One paper, the Pittsburg *Daily Evening Chronicle*, a zealous advocate of Democratic men and measures, but opposed to the Nebraska bill, has withdrawn the name of Gov. Bigler from the head of its columns, and substituted that of David Wilmot. It is said that the leaders of the party, in view of the present crisis in the politics of the State, are considering the propriety of procuring the withdrawal of Gov. Bigler from the canvass. These statements we give on the authority of the discontented portion of the Democratic press; but for ourselves," says the *North American*, "we do not believe that there is any probability of the event looked for, or that Gov. Bigler would himself consent to withdraw."

——The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, the special organ of President Fillmore and his squad of Silver Grays, after pretending to be very much opposed to the Nebraska fraud, is now proving its insincerity by its efforts to discourage and baffle those who are impelled to seek a repeal of the obnoxious provision by which Slavery is permitted to spread over all the territory of the United States. It attempts to show that the restoration of the Missouri Restriction is utterly impossible before 1859, and declares it to be "the duty of every man who sets any value on the public tranquility to withstand the insane sectional project that is now agitated, and to front it with an earnest, resolute and inflexible opposition." We understand from this that the followers of Mr. Fillmore, who at first gave signs of a disposition to break away from their allegiance to the Slavocracy, have concluded to "return to their wallowing." They will do their worst to keep the Whig party in vassalage, and, failing in their object, will sink, by thel aw of moral gravitation, into the arms of the Sham Democracy.

——The *Tribune* answers those who say the Missouri Restriction *cannot* be restored by explaining *how* the thing can be done if the people are in earnest:

Let a majority be chosen to the next House of men who really *mean* that the Nebraska wrong shall be repaired, and it *will* be before the close of its first session. Let the house just affix to the Deficiency bill, then to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, and to three or four more such if necessary, a proviso repealing so much of the Nebraska-Kansas bill as affects the Missouri Restriction, and declaring that Restriction re-established, and the work is done. There may be some kicking at first, but let the House evince quiet, cool determination, and the bill will pass, in spite of half a dozen Douglases representing the Free States. The Federal office-holders, who have done most of the electioneering for the Iniquity, will be lobbying on the other side when they find that their pay is stopped until the Restriction shall be restored. And this is but one of several ways in which an earnest anti-Douglas House can secure the undoing of the great wrong of the present session.

——The Michigan State Convention of the opponents of the repeal of the Missouri Restriction was held at Jackson on the 6th inst., Hon. D. S. Walbridge, Whig, presiding. Addresses were delivered by the Hon. Zachariah Chandler, the Whig nominee for Governor in 1852, of Detroit; the Hon. Wm. T. Howell, an influential Democratic politician; the Rev. G. L. Foster, of Jackson Co.; the Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, ex-Dem. M. C., and a Hale man in 1852; Clark, a fugitive slave, and others. A platform was unanimously agreed to, embracing as its chief points the organization of a new party under the name of Republican; Opposition to the Extension of Slavery; Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law; Re-establishment of the Missouri Compromise, and a law equivalent to the Wilmot Proviso, for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, Free Democrat, was nominated for Governor. If the Whigs act in good faith, Michigan will be redeemed from the absolute sway of the Slave Power. The Detroit *Daily Times*, a paper which sympathizes with the Hard Shell Democrats of New York, warns its party that, if the Democratic Convention soon to be held shall endorse the Nebraska bill, it will be deserted by two-thirds of its members in Detroit and vicinity.

——The organs of the Southern Democracy are alarmed at the prospect of the utter disintegration of the Whig party, and in view of the strong probability that the Northern portion of that party is about to unite in a new organization with the Free Democrats. The *Richmond Enquirer* is very sorry that the Southern Whigs in Congress, by supporting the Nebraska bill, severed themselves from their Northern brethren, thereby destroying the principal barrier to an alliance between the latter and th evoting Abolitionists. That alliance, now looming portentously in the political horizon, and certain, sooner or later, to be consummated, fills the Slavocracy with fearful forebodings. The *Enquirer* expresses its apprehensions in language pregnant with meaning. "Whoso readeth, let him understand."

"We are sincerely sorry that the Whig party is defunct. The Democracy will never find a foe less difficult to beat. The opposition of the Whig party kept alive the vigilance and exercised and disciplined the energies of the Democracy, without seriously retarding their progress, or hazarding their ultimate success. But it may happen, in possible combinations of the future, that a party will arise with something more of efficiency in its organization, of plausibility in its platform, and of enthusiasm in its leaders, which, for a time, at least, will oppose a successful resistance to the progress of Democratic principles.

"We have nothing to gain, but much to lose, from the dissolution of the Whig party; and if we carefully consider our position, we will be less disposed to exult than to mourn over the event. The real vitality and efficiency of the Whig party are not in the least impaired by the secession of the Whigs of the South, but, on the contrary, positively and immensely increased. Their strength has latterly been of no effect in national contests, being utterly overwhelmed by the irresistible power of Southern Democracy. They have been a source of weakness, in so far as they restrained their Northern allies from adopting issues and appealing to the passions which would have given them an indisputable preponderance in the North. By the separation, therefore, the bulk of the Whig party remains intact, unfettered by an incongruous alliance, and at full liberty to re-enforce itself by recruits from the Abolitionists."

## MUCH IN LITTLE.

Moses McDonald, who mis-represents the York (Me.) District in Congress, and whose vote for the repeal of the Missouri Restriction excited general indignation among his constituents, ventured recently to show himself in Biddeford. He was told to his face that he was a traitor and treated to a grand chorus of groans and hisses, from which he was glad enough to escape.

——The Hartford *Courant* remarks that the plans of the slave power are two fold, external and internal. They are, 1st, the seizure of Cuba; 2d, the conquest of Hayti; 3d, conquest of Mexico; 4th, alliance with Brazil; 5th, the seizure and appropriation of the West Indies and Central America—these are the "external" plans! The internal list is as follows—1st, new slave States in Texas, Kansas and Nebraska; 2d, the establishment of Slavery in Illinois and Iowa; 3d, the re-establishment of Slavery in all the free States.

—— A correspondent of the *Mirror*, writing from Boston, says:

The consternation among the coloured citizens seems to increase rather than diminish with each day. Their old haunts are deserted, and the great exchange, so to speak, of Belknap street, where they were wont to congregate in large groups and chat by the hour together, is no more the scene of these, to them, pleasant gatherings. Many of them fear to venture forth to their places of business, and remain secreted in old garrets or other hiding places constantly breathing in the same pestilential air.

—— The New Orleans *Picayune* notices the formation in that city of a new association, called "The Southern Family of Science, Industry and Equality," the objects of which are to open lands and cultivate them for the benefit of the Family, by means of improved machinery, and to foster among its members education, industry and mechanical improvements. Associations such as this may not be avowedly Anti-Slavery, but the improvements they contemplate are in their very nature incompatible with chattel bondage.

—— The Grand Jury of the United States Court at New Orleans have been unable to find any satisfactory evidence that the fillibusters in that city are doing anything positively illegal. To be sure, there have been meetings held to consider plans for promoting a revolution in Cuba, and funds have been raised for the same purpose, but the Jury couldn't see anything that called for their interference. Of course not. If the Jury, with only the same amount of evidence before them, had been on the track of persons seeking the freedom of their slaves, we guess they would have been able to see something.

—— Mr. W. R. Baker, of Houston, Texas, recently sent a letter to Timothy Gilbert & Co., piano forte manufacturers in Boston, of which the following is an extract:

"I have seen by the newspapers, that Mr. Timothy Gilbert, one of your firm, has taken a conspicuous part in the late disgraceful riots in Boston, where a law of the United States was openly contemned, and the life of a citizen sacrificed; and not wishing to encourage or patronize such men, beg leave to withdraw my order."

Mr. Gilbert had the wit to publish the above in the *Commonwealth*, by which means he will probably find customers for at least half a dozen pianos.

—— The Fillibusters have a set of correspondents at Havana, whose business it is to manufacture news of such a character as to keep up a perpetual excitement in the United States, and particularly at the South. One of the tribe, who is evidently in great distress, writes as follows to a confederate in Washington. We copy from the Washington *Union.*

HAVANA, June 20, 1854.

Things are rapidly drawing to a crisis in this place, and be prepared to hear the worst. Some of these bright mornings, when you walk down to your store, you may be startled at the fact that the whites of Havana have all been massacred in cold blood. Such *will* be the result of the mighty events now transpiring in this lovely Island. If the Government of the United States intend to take any steps in the matter, they had better be quick about it. Time passes rapidly, and every day hastens with lightning strides the day of emancipation and Africanization. I have just seen the decree ordering the admission of darkies into the *ecclesiastical seminaries!* So we are to have African priests. They are allowed to intermarry, and their children are legalised and legitimatized. What more could they do for the black scoundrels? So you may see for yourself that the times are getting awfully gloomy for the inhabitants of this place. I shall hold on until the storm begins to burst, and then try to get away.

It was quite unnecessary for the poltroon who could write such stuff as this to avow his determination to "run away" from the storm which he would fain evoke.

## PERSONAL.

THE old rumour is renewed that Senator Douglas is about to lead to the altar Miss Crean, the eldest sister of Mrs. James Gordon Bennett.

——Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has been compelled, on account of feeble health, to give up her residence in Dresden for the summer and go to a watering place.

## DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

**From our Philadelphia Correspondent.**

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1854.

THE passage of the Nebraska bill has operated as a practical repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Even here in Pennsylvania, the favourite hunting ground of the slaveholders—made such by our geographical position and political subserviency—it is now next thing to impossible to execute this infamous statute. The people have for some time only wanted a pretext for open hostility to it, and now one is afforded them in the outrage that has been perpetrated in the passage of the Nebraska bill. There was a while when, owing to the circumstances just hinted at, and the special influences brought to bear by the Federal Executive for the enforcement of the law, cases of rendition were comparatively numerous; but this was not of long duration. The "prejudices" of the people were not to be conquered. There has been, I believe, but one case of surrender in the last two years, and it is not at all probable that there will be any more hereafter than there were before the law was enacted; indeed, it is not likely that there will be so many. Numerous attempts have been made, during the earlier part of the season, at recapture, but they have all proved failures. The sympathies of the people are with the slave, and means are always found of saving him from the toils of his pursuers. Our notorious Ingraham is as ready as ever to make out writs, and Marshal Wynkoop is willing, by way of keeping green the laurels he acquired in Mexico, to do what he can to execute them; but, somehow or other, neither the zeal of the one nor the promptitude of the other seems adequate to a single successful case of capture and rendition. The Marshal and his men are either driven off by the more persistent and enduring courage of the party pursued, as in the case of Bill Thomas at Wilkesbarre, or outwitted by superior sagacity as in that of the man Richards at Harrisburg, whose case was reported a short time since in one of your New York papers. The fact is, the business of slave-catching in Pennsylvania is at a discount. Ingraham gets no fees, Alberti is unemployed, and M'Allister, the Commissioner at Harrisburg, has resigned his office. This last event, I believe, has never been announced in the papers, and it is not probable that your readers have before heard of it. The facts of the case, as I have understood them, were these:

M'Allister is a member and an office-bearer in the Episcopal Church, and the reasons of his resignation were of a religious character, not that he had any compunctions of conscience—this was not to be expected—nor that the duties of his office were at all repugnant to his feelings. Quite the contrary. He was unembarassed by any scruples; his office was well adapted to his particular turn of mind, and the associations into which he was thrown in the performance of its duties seemed to be very much to his taste. In fact, the office was the only one in which he had ever succeeded in distinguishing himself. By this it is not denied that he performed creditably enough the duties of Lay Reader, a position which, for a while, he occupied; but this secured him no distinction outside of the Church. The exercise of his prerogatives as Slave Commissioner gave him, on the contrary, a very con-

spicuous place before the public. It was a position, however, which others thought an unenviable one. The people considered his official acts as atrocious, and the man himself they despised. Finally, they began to speak against the Church of which he was an officer; the character of that body for respectability was in jeopardy, and fears were entertained of injury to its temporalities. One man, on being solicited by the minister to take a pew in the Church, flatly refused, saying he would not disgrace himself by going to a Church where Dick M'Allister was a Vestryman. This was a state of affairs that required alteration. It was resolved, at the next election, that the obnoxious officer should not be re-chosen. But to this arrangement the Slave Commissioner was not consenting. He valued his position in the Church highly, and was bent on retaining it. A lively canvass ensued, the result of which was that the Slave Commissioner was re-elected by a majority of one vote. This led to increased excitement, and some disaffection, and serious evils for awhile were threatened; but they were averted by one of those happy compromises for which the people of this country are so famous in an emergency. This was, that Mr. McAllister should retain without molestation his office as Vestryman, but should give up that of Commissioner. This arrangement was adopted; McAllister resigned his commission, and the church is now at peace.

As an additional item in this connection I may mention that the cause of slave-catching in Harrisburg has suffered another loss in the exile of Deputy Marshal Saunders. That functionary, not finding enough to do in the regular course of business, undertook a job on his own account, and was indicted for kidnapping. He has not been able to return to the State for more than a year, for fear of the penitentiary.

These facts will serve to illustrate what I have said—that the business of slave-catching here in Pennsylvania has fallen into decay, and that the Fugitive Slave law has been practically repealed.

Since I last wrote to you, we have had the Fourth of July, with its usual accompaniments and consequences. Any quantity of "villanous saltpetre," in every variety of villanous shape, has been exploded, and both day and night have been made hideous by the din that has been kept up. We have had the customary number of "sad accidents"—which, by the way, are no accidents at all, the only thing accidental about them being that they are not worse and more numerous—and the usual category of destructive fires, awful casualties, bloody riots and other disgraceful *et cæteras* that naturally belong to our absurd and preposterous manner of celebrating the natal day of our Independence. The whole Fourth of July week, here and elsewhere, seems to have been one of casualty and disaster. Fires and fights, railroad collisions and steamboat accidents have made more than their accustomed havoc of human life and property. Is it not lamentable? Is it not disgraceful? Recklessness of life is understood to be one of the characteristics of barbarism; and, measuring the people of the United States by this criterion, we are more barbarous than any other nation, civilized or semi-civilized, on the face of the globe. In what other nation are life and property, and even liberty, so insecure? Here in Philadelphia it is a notorious fact that, for years, it has been a permitted amusement of a certain class of the people to set fire to houses, not for the sake of the sport of putting out the flames—that would be comparatively innocent—but to afford rival gangs of rowdy firemen an opportunity for a fight, or at least of deciding a bet as to which party could show the greatest speed in reaching the scene of action. Strong hopes have been entertained that when the act of consolidation should get fairly under weigh, this state of things would find an end; but whether these hopes are to be realized, is yet uncertain. Our new Mayor is well disposed, but the character of the new Councils is yet to be developed. The Fire Department, as at present organized, is a potential element in political combinations, and it is very much feared that it will have power enough to perpetuate the evils of its existence.

Among the incidents of the Fourth was a meeting in Independence Square of the—now no longer—"Unterrified Democracy." Addresses were delivered by J. R. Ludlow, Hon. J. L. Dawson, Col. Orr of South Carolina, and Stephen Arnold Douglas. Ludlow is a young lawyer of this city, who brought himself into some notice, three years ago, by volunteering as counsel for the Abolitionists in a Fugitive Slave case. He showed a good deal of indiscreet zeal on the occasion, and officiously insisted on making a speech at a very unseasonable hour. It was a sophomorical display, made up mainly of sound and fury, and the friends of the slave were very glad when he was done. He was supposed, however, to have been actuated by a good motive, and under this impression a complimentary resolution was passed by the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and a copy of it sent to him. This, it appeared, was not the kind of pay he was looking for; for the next time he was heard of he was engaged as a volunteer on the side of the Government in the Treason Trials, where it was understood his pay was to be something more substantial. This was the Mr. Ludlow who was the first speaker at the meeting in the Court House yard. The burden of his speech was an attempted defence of the Nebraska bill.

The next speaker was Hon. J. L. Dawson, member of Congress from this State, and a candidate, it is understood, for election to the United States Senate. The impression among the more intelligent, however, is that the Whigs will have the election of the next Senator, and that in that case the choice will fall upon Ex-Gov. Johnson—an event which, on many accounts, is to be hoped for. The *Evening Bulletin* gives a sketch of Mr. Dawson's speech, from which I cut the following extract:

"England was great, but America was still greater; the statesmen, the soldiers and the commerce of the United States were at least equal, if not superior, to those of England, and the latter rivalled all other European nations."

This may not be a report of verbatim exactness, but I have no doubt that this extract is a fair sample of the spirit of the speech.

Colonel Orr's harangue was another attempt to defend the Nebraska bill. He seemed to have a presentiment that the Nebraska men were "done for," for the report of his speech represents him as hoping, "in conclusion, that the Democracy would do its duty, and save the party from hopeless and irretrievable defeat. The Democratic party might, he thought, be beaten, but could not be vanquished." Next followed the Great Gun of the occasion, Stephen A. Douglas himself. His speech was a repetition of his old sophistries about popular sovereignty, which are too transparent not to be seen through by all who are not wilfully blind. As a sample of the impudence of the speaker, I give you the concluding sentence:

"In Pennsylvania, imitate your forefathers—fight for liberty, and if you cannot get it here, emigrate to Nebraska and enjoy it there."

Mr. Douglas is preparing his speech for publication, so that you may have an opportunity, if you should be disposed, of reading it at length.

There were some typograpical errors in my last letter, and I fear there will be more in this. My hand is not easily legible at best, and when I write in a hurry it is often quite undecypherable. This being the fact, let me, once for all, beg your readers, when they see anything that is not altogether right in my letters, charitably to set it down to the account of the printer, and to hold me excused. M. M. K.

## *SUMMARY.*

The Trustees of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth have voted to purchase the wharf property on which "Forefathers' Rock" is situated, thus taking the first step towards the erection of a monument to the memory of the Pilgrims.

QUACK MEDICINES.—The *Examiner*, published "by authority" at Jefferson City, Mo., publishes the Nebraska bill under the above head and a long string of quack medicines. We have not met with anything more appropriate.

Webster's Dictionary is about to be introduced into the schools of Providence, R. I., and throughout the State. Dr. Wayland has lately placed his *imprimatur* upon it.

"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?"
"What part of the boat do you wish to go on—cabin or deck?"
"Hang your cabin!" said the gentleman from Indiana; "I live in a cabin at home; give me the best you've got."

THE DOOMED CULPRIT.—Matt. F. Ward, the murderer of Prof. Butler, has sought refuge from the public scorn by going to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, his health being very bad. It is said that the only steamer he could find to carry him down the river was the R. J. Ward, called after and in part owned by his father.

S. M. Booth, the editor of the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, has been presented with an elegant walking cane by the coloured citizens of Milwaukee, "for his fearless defence of equal rights of all men, irrespective of birth, colour, or condition." No man deserves this tribute better than Mr. Booth!

GOV. SLADE finds great trouble in his laudable enterprise to provide the West with "school-marms." When they leave New England, they come out here and find some of the benches empty, so they quit teaching, take husbands, and instead of giving lessons, go to raising *scholars.—Western Paper.*

The Duplicate Petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, at the Merchant's Exchange, is already several miles long, and will be forwarded to Washington in due time.—*Boston Bee.*

THE SISTERHOOD is the name of an association established under the auspices of the Episcopal Church in New York, for offices of charity and mercy, such as providing for the comfort of the sick, instructing destitute children, &c.

NORFOLK.—The Know-Nothings swept Norfolk at the municipal election, carrying the Mayor and the entire ticket. Stubbs is the Mayor.—*All the papers.*

If the Know-Nothings would only "sweep" New York, they might carry the Mayor and welcome.

Any party that would "sweep" this city now, would carry all manner of things before them.—*Eve. Post.*

THE QUICKEST PASSAGE!—The Collins steamship *Baltic*, the previous victor in the list of fine runs from Liverpool to New York, has beaten her own famous passage of August, 1851. The apparent time, 9 days 12 hours. The time of the same steamer in 1851, 9 days and 14 hours. The best time of the Cunarder *Arabia*, in June, 1853, 9 days 22 hours, the same made by the *Atlantic*, of the Collins line, in May, 1853.

The New York *Courier and Enquirer*, in noticing the wretched bombast and fiction of the Senator Jones who threatened to dissolve the Union, says:

"James C. Jones cannot put an end to this Republic. A million of James C. Joneses could not do it. They may play at thunder and lightning under a cabbage-leaf if they like, but as for setting the world on fire, it is entirely out of the question."

The *St. Louis Republican*, discussing the late meetings on the frontier, gives us this inkling of the kind of "Squatter Sovereignty" which is upheld by the slaveholders of Missouri:

"They have as much right to go upon Kansas Territory with their slaves and other property as any fanatical son of New England, *and this right they will assert at all hazards.*"

So, you see, there is to be no legislation, no adjudication, even, preliminary to slaveholding, in Kansas; but the disciples of Atchison are to cross right over into that Territory with their slaves, and hold them in bondage there by virtue of their Bowie-knives and revolvers. This is as we have expected.—*Tribune.*

We believe it is a New Haven paper that relates the following:

"THE RICHEST YET.—At one of our hotels on Tuesday, a gentleman, who evidently had not "been there" extensively, provided himself with a cigar from the office, and after smoking it half up, returned it, saying that he "had used it all he wanted to, and was going to take a walk: if the clerk heard any one ask for a cigar, he could sell it to him, if possible—if not, he would like to have it saved till his return!" Literal fact."

A vulgar fellow, everybody will say, but *we* think his vulgarity was indicated not more by his desire to sell a half-smoked cigar than by the fact of his having put the filthy thing into his own mouth.

Dr. Warren, President of the Natural History Society, thinks that the Great Tree on Boston Common must be *three hundred years* old, that it sheltered not only our forefathers, but the aborigines before them. On maps of the city, published between 1720 and 1739, it is called the "Great Tree"; and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery met under it, as appears by their records, in 1686. What a pity its leaves are not written over with a history of what it has witnessed! But there is wisdom, as the wind brings out the whispers from among its ancient branches, for him who has an ear to hear it.

A WORLD'S FAIR IN FRANCE.—Preparations have been making on a grand scale in France, ever since 1851, to have a World's Fair (like that in London), next year, 1855. The exhibition is to be opened in Paris, on the first of next May. There will be, strictly speaking, two great exhibitions—one of industry, including agriculture and manufactures; the other of the fine arts. These exhibitions will be simultaneous. A Board, or, as the French term it, a Commission, divided into two sections, has been nominated, who direct and superintend each its proper branch. The President of the general commission is Prince Napoleon.

SHAKSPEARE.—At the green-room of one of our leading theatres, a MSS tragedy, purporting to have been written within a short time by the spirit of Wm. Shakspeare, through a medium (well known in editorial and literary circles) of this city, was read lately to a critical company, who pronounced the tragedy equal to, if not finer in expression and philosophy, than of Hamlet!! It is founded on incidents in Spanish history; and one evidence of its being Shakspeariana is said to be its proclivity to historical errors. —*N. Y. Mirror.*

REMARKABLE DEATHS.—The most remarkable cases of coincidences and sudden deaths that we ever remember to have heard of are recorded as follows: J. L. Brown was recently nominated for the Legislature in Pacific Co., Washington Territory, but died very suddenly the day before the election. Mr. Scudder was then elected, and he died suddenly a few days after. A special election was then ordered, and H. Fiester was chosen to fill the vacancy. The late steamer brings news that Mr. Fiester proceeded to the seat of government, and on the next day fell dead in the House.

A JANUS-FACED LAW.—Judge Betts has decided that there can be no appeal from the decision of a U. S. Commissioner. Each is infallible in the eye of the law.

A New York Commissioner has decided that the Fugitive Act does not apply to apprentices; and a Connecticut Commissioner just the contrary. What is Federal law, therefore, in New York, is no law at all in Connecticut.

History tells us of times when there were two infallible popes who excommunicated each other. Our own times show a much larger number of infallible federal officers. —*Phila. Register.*

A NEW EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.—A scheme is before Congress to erect Caleb Cushing's office into a department of the executive branch of government, under the name of the Law Department. Mr. Adams, of Mississippi, lately introduced a bill in the Senate, having this object. Mr. Cushing is to be provided with an Assistant Attorney-General, who, we suppose, is to do the work, leaving his principal at leisure to attend to party politics. The Solicitor's office is to be transferred to it from the State Department. There is, of course, to be a suitable number of clerks, which will furnish opportunities for conferring offices upon those who have deserved them by the support of measures hateful to the people. That the head of the department may appear to have something to do, he is to attest all judicial commissions, &c., issued by the President. Here, therefore, is another proposal to increase the patronage and influence of the Executive.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR MCFAIL.—A party of the students belonging to the Carlisle (Schoharie County) Seminary, accompanied by Professor Alfred McFail and others, proceeded, on Saturday last, to explore the celebrated cave, located a few miles from the Seminary. They had closed their explorations, and were returning, when the accident occurred, which resulted in the death of the Professor. It happened in this wise: The party had been in a pit some hundred feet deep, and all had ascended by means of pulley ropes, except Mr. McFail. He was ascending, and had nearly reached the platform, when by some means he slipped from the rope seat, and fell to the bottom of the cave. On being approached he was found senseless, and died in a few minutes. He was a gentleman of rare endowments, well beloved by the students, and highly respected by all. He leaves a stricken wife to mourn his sudden departure. —*Albany Evening Journal, July 5.*

A HANGING CASE IN KENTUCKY.—In December last, Charles Cushing was murdered in Lexington by William Weigert; the offence that provoked the fatal shot being a slight offence to the assailant's wife. On the 15th inst., the prisoner, who had lain in prison from that time, was brought out for trial, and was convicted of *murder in the first degree!* Cushing kept a confectionery, which the wife of the prisoner entered in the dusk of the evening, in presence of several witnesses, for a purchase. Cushing mistook her for another person, placed his hand on her shoulder, saying, "*How are you, pretty?*" In an instant he discovered his mistake and apologized, but the lady left in a rage, and soon after her husband and she returned to the shop, when the unfortunate young man was shot down in his tracks! When the jury had returned, after only twenty minutes' absence, and had announced their fatal decree, a most distressing scene was witnessed by the crowd. The prisoner, entirely overcome, let his head fall on his breast, while his wife, his sister and mother, gave vent to their anguish in heart-rending screams. His wife threw herself upon his neck, and exclaimed passionately, "Oh, why did I do this! why did I do this!" and, "Oh, how could those men find him guilty when they have families! Oh! I will die!" The screams gradually subsided into sobs of grief and anguish, while the mournful, harrowing scene afflicted judge, jury, bar and spectators.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, June 18.*

HOW IT IS DONE!—A Correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, travelling in the West, says:

I consider it rather fortunate that Lake Champlain has been considerably "done," because as I passed through it by night I could give only an imaginative description of it. This, however, is not difficult. I may tell you in confidence that I once wrote an account of travels in Turkey for the North American *Review*, although my experience of Orientals was confined to the wooden Turks that stand opposite the doors of the tobacconists' stores, and I am now the Eastern correspondent for an important but disreputable daily paper in New York. You may have seen in its columns the other day an elaborate statement of the vast expense about to be entered into for Eastern correspondence. It will, no doubt, astonish you, sir, when I inform you that *I am that expense.* I have no doubt but that I shall be able, from my attic in the Bowery, to supply the most important news from the seat of war.

ANECDOTE OF HON. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.—We find the following anecdote of this gentleman in the biographical sketch of the late Judge John Lowell, in the history of Newburyport, just published. Among those who studied law with Mr. Lowell were Judge Thomas Dawes, Governor Christopher Gore, and Mr. Otis. The latter, who was later advanced in life, when he commenced his legal studies, than the others, gave to Mr. Gore this reason for studying law: "That he first studied divinity and commenced preaching, and that, having on one occasion supplied a vacant pulpit in the neighbourhood of Boston, preaching twice upon the Sabbath, be was waited upon on Monday morning by a deacon of the church, who asked him what he should pay him for his services. "O, I don't know," replied Mr. Otis, "give me what they are worth." The deacon gravely handed him a *pistareen.* Thinking if two sermons were worth but that, he had better turn to some other profession, he abandoned theology, and turned his attention to law.—*Bost. Trans.*

## *THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES—THE FATE OF AMERICA.*

THE present age is one full of important events. The history of our times will fill up many a broad page. It will be called the era of New Things. The king of the ancient Hebrews, who was so famous for his wisdom, might have said with truth of the age he lived in, "There is nothing new under the sun." But no Solomon can say the same with truth now. Everything is becoming new, and old things are passing away or are thrown aside. Old machines, old ideas, and "old fogies," are cast aside, and their places supplied with modern articles. New inventions, new ideas, and new parties in religion, politics, and in everything else, constantly attract our attention. Old governments are crumbling to pieces, and new governments rising from their ruins so that we need a new map of the world almost every year. Just now, nearly the whole of Europe is engaged in what bids fair to be a long and bloody war, which will undoubtedly change, in a great measure, the political geography of that continent. The government of China, which claims the highest antiquity of any upon the globe, is being revolutionised, and changed materially in principle. Its religion, also the most ancient, perhaps, of any in the world, is being changed by revolution. But we may turn from looking abroad, and from contemplating the changes taking place in the world outside of us, to study the events of our own history, and speculate upon the destiny of our own country.

When America was first wrested from British power and erected into an independent sovereignty, the most sanguine would not have prophesied the present power and greatness of the country. Neither would any have prophesied the degeneracy to which the children of those who took part in the struggle for independence have arrived, ere their fathers have been laid quietly in their graves. Had they foreseen to what base purposes the government would be prostituted, and how powerful for mischief it would become, they would hardly have gone through seven years of bloody war and suffering to have formed such a government. They claimed to be acting not for themselves alone, but for posterity; and had they known how posterity would misuse what their blood and sufferings bought, they would not have been very anxious to bequeath such a patrimony to them.

The men who formed this government were no ordinary men. They were "wise in their day and generation." They were men who failed not to profit by the lessons of experience. If, unlike Patrick Henry, they were not entirely "guided by the lamp of experience," they did not shut their eyes to all light from that source. In forming a government, they wished to make it a firm and enduring structure, that should stand the test of time, and the test of human progress. They were warned, by the experience of past nations, not to form a government that would not keep pace with human progression, or that was calculated for the benefit of an exclusive few, or founded upon the spirit of caste or social distinctions. They knew that governments thus formed, and in which the governers were independent of the governed, were sure to become corrupt, and to increase in corruption, until they fell to pieces from actual putrefaction, or became an easy prey to their more hardy neighbours. They were therefore satisfied *that no government could be permanent unless founded upon the equality of the whole people, and a consequent dependence of the governors upon the governed;* which principles were plainly and boldly set forth in their formal separation from the mother country, and established as the political creed of the nation, by the triumph of their arms. They therefore set about forming a government based upon these principles; and whatever they did contrary to them, they must have been induced to do by expediency. And here was the beginning of that evil that has brought the American Government to be what it is. That evil is *the sacrifice of principle to expediency.* Our fathers were wise; they were good and noble men; but they committed a grievous fault, and one for which their posterity have already paid dearly, but have as yet seen scarcely "the beginning of the end."

In this effort to establish a government on the noble principles they professed, a difficulty at once presented itself. The institution of chattel Slavery, planted by the Dutch and English, and protected by the British Government in colonial times, was at war with every principle established by the Revolution. They knew also that this institution of Slavery was an element of weakness—that it was a moral and political cancer, which, if allowed to remain, would not only eat out the morality of the people, but would also injuriously affect the temporal prosperity of the country. Moreover, to acknowledge the legality of Slavery—to admit the right of one man to *own* another when they had just declared that one man had no right to *tax* another without his consent—must have appeared to them grossly inconsistent with their former acts and declarations. But if they refused to do this, they feared that those who were directly concerned in the continuance of this system would not consent to the government; and those States which had remained firmly bound together during the struggle for independence would fall apart, and the hopes they had entertained of seeing them a united and prosperous family would be blasted in the bud. In this dilemma, what did they do? They yielded to expediency, and committed the new government in favour of Slavery. But had they pursued a straight-forward course, and refused to acknowledge, even by indirection, that man can hold property in man, they would have plucked up this pestilent exotic by the roots. Those States that clung most tenaciously to Slavery would sooner have given up their "peculiar institution" than the Union; but by threats of non-compliance they gained their end, and their triumph was called a "Compromise." Slavery was then young—slaves were comparatively few; and to have abolished Slavery then would not have required a very great effort. Men's minds were favourably disposed for emancipation, for the great truths of the Revolution were yet fresh in their minds. But Slavery, though weak, conquered, as it has ever done since. It asked to be recognised in the Constitution that established the government, and its request was granted. But to suppose that our fathers who framed the Constitution, and those who adopted it, intended by that act to make Slavery perpetual—to make it what it has become—the corner-stone of the government, and the all-controlling power in the legislation of the country—is to suppose what is simply absurd, when we consider the character of the prominent and leading men of that time. Franklin was the President of an Abolition Society; Jefferson denounced Slavery in as "intemperate" language as the most "fanatical" Abolitionist; and Washington, whom we have always been taught to consider as the "Father of his Country," who was President of the Convention that framed the Constitution, and the first President under the Constitution, was an enemy to Slavery, and declared that "he would rejoice to see it abolished." Is it reasonable to suppose that such men would consent to curse with perpetual Slavery the country they had just wrested, in a bloody struggle, from British tyranny? Nothing could be more absurd. Why were they so careful not to admit the word "slave" in the Constitution, nor even any word in the place of it that could not, with equal propriety, be made to mean something else? Why was the Constitution so framed that it would admit of a construction in entire opposition to Slavery? *Why was nothing admitted therein that it would be necessary to strike out when Slavery should be abolished?* These things were not the result of accident. There was a design in all this. They evidently expected that when the government was fairly established, and the people had become accustomed to its operation, Slavery would be abolished. They imagined that it would be easier to abolish it then than in the beginning. But in this they were mistaken. Slavery had increased in strength, had entrenched herself behind the Constitution, and, instead of being disposed to yield to Freedom, began to grow more bold and insolent, and to demand greater privileges and protection. Expediency again seconded her demand, and the timid representatives of Freedom again yielded. The spirit of Compromise gained strength. The people became familiar with Slavery, and, as in the case of other wrongs and evils (by consenting to them a few times, we lose the horror we once felt towards them), they began to think less strongly on the subject; and the advocates and champions of the "peculiar institution" waxed bolder and more insolent; impudently and blasphemously defending it as a blessing, and as divinely instituted! And now behold the result! "See how great a fire a little spark kindleth! See the effects of yielding to expediency—of making concessions to wrong. Instead of a mere handful of slaves, as at the formation of the government, *three and a quarter millions* (more than the whole population of the States at the time of the Revolution) clank the chains of hopeless bondage, in a boasted land of freedom, in the middle of the nineteenth century. Fifteen of the thirty-one States make a large portion of their citizens chattels, and one at least contains more slaves than freemen. Not one foot of the soil over which the "star-spangled banner" floats is sacred to Freedom. Religion is prostituted to do the unholy work of Slavery, and the American Church has long been the bulwark of American Slavery. The Press is also sold to the defence of the same crime; and that which in "benighted and king and priest-ridden Europe" is feared as the mortal enemy of tyranny, is here converted into an instrument for the support and perpetuatoin of the foulest despotism that ever cursed either hemisphere. With a few honourable exceptions, the editors of our journals of all descriptions—political, religious and literary—vie with each other in their efforts to defend and apologize for an institution that robs man of his manhood, and makes him a beast—an institution that is at war with every principle that impelled our separation from England, and laid the foundation of our government. The public mind is depraved, by becoming accustomed to this stupendous wrong, and by hearing it defended, either as a positive good or a necessary evil, until a majority of the people no longer look with horror upon it, but consent to its continuance, and not only to its continuance, but to its extension and perpetuation. And this is the fruit of yielding to expediency.

But what shall be the end of this? To what end does such a course plainly tend? Evidently to the overthrow of the nominal republicanism of the government, and the establishment of monarchical despotism. When the people feel no repugnance to petty despotism under a republican government—when they look with approval and pleasure on the worse than kingly power of the slaveholder over his victim—they are not far removed in sentiment from those who uphold monarchy; and the transition is then easy from a President to a King or Emperor, and from a Congress to an hereditary Parliament, or a Council or Cabinet appointed and controlled by the monarch.

There are many indications of this tendency towards despotism, in the action of the government, and the conduct of the people. Our government professes the doctrine of non-intervention in the affairs of other nations, but it would naturally be supposed that if ever it departed from that policy, it would be to aid the cause of Freedom and Democracy. But the reverse of this is the fact. The American Government never interferes in behalf of Freedom; but in the only instances in which it has departed from the policy of non-intervention, it has done so for the support of despotism; and it meditates a departure from that policy only for the same dishonourable and wicked purpose. Though refusing to recognise the sovereignty of Hayti, we have not been slow to interfere in the political affairs of that island; and this interference, though ostensibly for the purpose of supporting freedom and averting war and bloodshed, was really for the purpose of extending the blessings of the "peculiar institution," and establishing Slavery among a people who had freed themselves from it by a long and bloody effort. And now we are about interfering with another of the West India Islands, and determined to prevent, at all hazards, the abolition of Slavery in that island. We have long been striving, by trickery, by bullying and insolence, to pick a quarrel with Spain, and find a pretext for robbing her of Cuba, because we fear that Slavery in that island is not safe under the Spanish rule, and we wish to add another to the fifteen slave States already in the Union, and thus strengthen and perpetuate this despotism. See, too, what is taking place among ourselves. The right of trial by jury and the writ of *habeas corpus* are annulled in certain cases, in opposition to the Constitution; and it is made a great crime to harbour and assist the poor fugitive, fleeing from a bondage worse than death. Boston, hallowed by many of the interesting events of the Revolution—the home of Adams, of Hancock and Quincy—is made the scene of a brutal slave-hunt. Boston, that would not, in 1768, allow government soldiers to be quartered in her State House, now suffers the General Government to fill her Court House with a mercenary and foreign soldiery, to overawe her inhabitants, and "crush out" the spirit of liberty. Boston, that, in the days when Faneuil Hall was the "Cradle of Liberty," would not endure the slightest indignity, now suffers chains to be put about her Court House, and beholds her Judges bowing beneath those chains, to enter the "Halls of Justice"! Congress, although elected by the people to represent them, disregards the will and earnest desire of the people, as in the case of the Nebraska bill. Northern members of Congress, notwithstanding that they knew that the people they were supposed to represent were strongly opposed to the Bill, gave it their votes and active support. Is such an abuse of delegated power more democratic than the decrees of a despot, who cares nothing for the wishes of his people? Are we not, then, already the subjects of a despotism? Are we not already governed by tyrants of our own election?

Let us look the facts boldly in the face. Let us dare to know truth, the whole truth, and be instructed by it. Let those who boast of their patriotism see that they do not accelerate the dark doom that hangs over their country. Step by step the spirit of '76 has been nearly "crushed out." The people of the free States have again and again yielded to the demands of Slavery, until the spirit of Freedom has nearly become extinct. When the Fugitive Slave act was passed, it aroused this dormant spirit, and for a time it blazed forth as brightly in some places as at the Revolution. Shadrach was rescued in Boston, Jerry in Syracuse, and at glorious Christiana the kidnappers were repulsed with blood. But Sims was carried back from that Boston that had rescued Shadrach; and from most of the other large cities of the North, one or more human chattels were delivered up to the tender mercies of the slaveholder. The North grew calm and indifferent, and, in the language of lying demagogues, "acquiesced in the Compromise." And this pretended acquiescence gave encouragement to Slavery propagandists and doughfaces to inflict another wound upon Freedom—to make another law for Slavery, more base and villanous than anything before. They determined to break plighted faith—to repudiate a solemn compact—to repeal one of the Compromises—and for what purpose? To favour and extend the blessings of liberty and democracy? No; but to extend Slavery—to propagate despotism. And does this action meet with opposition and execration? Oh, yes. But the tumult will subside, as it did before; because it has no firm foundation—because the cause of it is not radical. The opposition to these measures does not arise from a belief in the inherent sinfulness of Slavery, and from a feeling that it should not be tolerated for a moment, even in the States where it exists. But until opposition to Slavery and Slavery encroachments does proceed from this radical basis, it will be, as it has always been, a mere temporary flame. The people of the North will "acquiesce" in the Nebraska Bill, as they did in the "Compromise of 1850"; and then they will soon be called upon to stifle their consciences, "conquer their prejudices," and submit to fresh insult and injury. The North is brought upon its knees; it will yet be be made to bite the dust.

But will there be no end to these encroachments? Not until there is an end of Slavery. And will these encroachments go on until Slavery shall overspread the country, and darken the whole land with her black and loathsome presence? No; that can never be. Vinegar may be frozen; but in the centre of what appears to be a solid block of ice, there is a little that cannot be frozen, and that is the concentrated essence of the whole. So with freedom in America. It may almost disappear; it may gradually retreat before the advance of Slavery, and be reduced to a small spot, pent up and overshadowed by the pall of despotism; and so it will be, unless some merciful event shall put an end to Slavery before, in the natural order of things, this event can take place. But wo unto the slaveholders and their abettors when that time comes. When they have driven the hosts of freedom "to the wall," and there is no further retreat, and when all traitors and cowards have been dispatched by them, then shall the pursued, like the lion at bay, spring upon the pursuer, and with like desperate fierceness. Then will the soil of Freedom be fertilized by the blood of tyrants, and produce a plentiful harvest. The band of freemen will fight side by side with the rebellious slaves against their indolent and enervated masters; and the strife will not long remain doubtful. If this is to be the end of Slavery—and "the signs of the times" indicate no other—it will be a bloody one. Let those answer for the bloodshed of that day who have helped to place Freedom in peril. There is but one way in which such a doom can be averted—but one way to prevent the sun of America from going down in blood. And that is in immediate repentance, and in works meet for repentance. Let those who, for the sake of peace, for the triumph of party, for the gratification of prejudice, or for any other reason, have consented, directly or indirectly, to the continuance or extension of Slavery, and by that act have participated in the great crime by which three and a half millions of human beings are robbed of themselves and converted into chattels, do so no more, and seek to make amends for their past misconduct by double efforts for the destruction of this "sum of all villanies." Let ministers of religion no longer preach a kidnapping gospel, for soon their gospel and themselves shall be despised and spit upon. They counselled obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, and induced the people to "acquiesce" in it; but when the Nebraska Bill was brought forward, which was but a natural result of the Fugitive Slave Act, they remonstrated strongly against it. But their remonstances were slighted, as they ought to have been, because they came too late. How could men who defended the Law converting the whole North into a hunting ground for Slavery be in earnest in protesting against the admission of Slavery into Nebraska? How could men who have, by sins of omission and commission, given aid and comfort to Slavery all their lives be in earnest in remonstrating against the extension of the blessing? These men helped to start the avalanche—they helped to give it the "primitive impulse"; and now, when they see the velocity and power it has acquired, they are alarmed, and wish to arrest its course; but the power required to set it in motion was but an infant's strength in comparison to the giant force necessary to stop it in its mad career. An infant's hand may move back the bolt that confines the ferocious tiger, but a score of unarmed men could hardly restore him to his cage. The clergymen who remonstrated against the Nebraska Bill helped to consummate that disgraceful act; and though they cannot alone cause a repeal of either that or the Fugitive Slave Act, and though they cannot by any means restore what has been lost by those Acts, yet they may do much, and must alter their course of conduct, or their religion will be buried in the grave of Slavery.

It is, therefore, time that honest and prudent men of all parties—lovers of their country—all who look beyond the present hour, and care for something besides their own selfish interests, should take counsel together and consider, carefully and fully, whether the state to which our country is fast tending be a desirable one or not, and whether they are themselves pursuing the proper course. It is time that they should unite together to defeat the aims of unscrupulous and reckless demagogues and political gamesters, who, through fraud and corruption, get placed in the most important and responsible offices, and who care not how the duties of their office are performed, if they but fill their greedy and often bottomless pockets with the spoils. It is time that all men who retain a spark of pure patriotism, or who have any regard for the welfare of their country, should unite together to carry out the designs of the Fathers, and make America what they intended she should be, what she might be, and what she ought to be—the most liberal government on earth, the refuge of the oppressed, and the "model Republic" of the world. WALTER FARRINGTON.

Wappinger's Falls, June 17, 1854.

### DIED.

KIMBER.—In Philadelphia, on the 10th inst., in her 81st year (at the residence of her brother, Isaac Jackson), Susanna Kimber, widow of the late Emmor Kimber, of Kimberton.

### *PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

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*TWENTY-FIRST*

## NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

**To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1854.**

THE Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar beg leave to present their appeal for aid and sympathy once again to every lover of Freedom, whose eye this paper shall reach. We do it in the spirit of that hope which is power, pledging our own most earnest exertions in the Slave's behalf, and feeling therefore at liberty to implore the same at the hands and hearts of others.

The present is no time for faithlessness, or delay, or inaction. Its thronging events announce that the *Hour* draws nigh which is to decide, in this nation, the great conflict of Freedom with Slavery. To such an hour shall *Men* be wanting? Shall it find a people weak, timid, selfish, alive only to material success and enjoyment, or shall it be able to summon to its emergency the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the religious faith that bring in their very nature the assurance of success?

The cruelty, the baseness, the danger of Slavery is fast becoming apparent to the whole North. Her next lesson must be, that no human legislation can sanctify crime; that if, indeed, Slavery be a sin against God and an outrage on man, all laws for its support are part and parcel of the original atrocity, and are to be disobeyed at all hazards.

The most abominable crimes ever perpetrated against humanity have been committed in the name of and under the sanction of Law. The persecutions of the early Christians, the persecutions of all the seceders from the dominant church in centuries gone by, the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Witchcraft Delusion of New England, the recent imprisonment of the Madiai, are examples of the truth of what we say. The legal enactments of their day gave sanction to them all even as to the Fugitive Slave Law now.

For the authors of these deeds, shall it be more tolerable in the day of judgment that they trampled under foot the commandments of God, *legally?*

It is as *individuals* that people must learn their duty touching this matter. The impious and shallow folly which supposes that men as Commissioners, or Marshals, or Soldiers, or Attorneys, can aid in the execution of atrocious enactments without the same amount of guilt before God and man as if it were not "iniquity framed by law," must be met and exposed. When men give account to God for the deeds done in the body, this refuge of lies cannot stand. Let us sweep it away now by such earnest promulgation of light and truth on the duty of individual responsibility that no man shall say he sinned ignorantly.

The diffusion and support of those great principles of Justice that underlie the Universe is the work that now claims our labour. For our foundation principle, we assume *the right of a man to himself as against the world*, and we accept every consequence that legitimately flows from this doctrine.

It is in Boston, in the United States of America, in the nineteenth century, where the Declaration of Independence has been yearly read amid public solemnities and rejoicings for more than seventy years, that this language will be esteemed fanatical, perhaps treasonable. To stir to their inmost depths our own or other hearts, can we add a stronger motive than that presented by such a statement?

All disposed to co-operate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned Committee.

| | |
|---|---|
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| Maria Weston Chapman, | Helen E. Garrison, |
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# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE LITTLE FLOWER.

[STORY OF A TURKISH FUGITIVE.]

HALF the legends of wild countries refer to the exploits, good or evil, of brigands. In general, the tone of such narratives is rather favourable to the lawless than otherwise, and it is easy to understand why this should be. The ranks of Outlawry, when power is in the hands of the violent or the corrupt, are recruited from those very classes which in better times become the warmest friends of society. There is no reason why the Mokan, of whose exploits we are about to speak, should not under more favourable circumstances, have become an ornament to his name and country.

The Mokans are wandering shepherds from Transylvania, who come down to the plains of Bulgaria and Wallachia, on permission, to pasture their flocks and herds. They are not necessarily of one tribe, or race, and are indeed joined by many free spirits, from the surrounding unsettled countries, who see in that vagabond kind of life a means of escaping the tyranny to which all stationary citizens are liable. Michal the Mokan, as he was generally called after he became famous, was a native of Bulgaria, and was born in the environs of Sophia. Some tyrannical Pasha, when he was very young, endeavoured to seize and make a servant of him, but he escaped, and, after wandering as a beggar through Servia, at length crossed the Danube, and proceeding still northward, met a company of Mokans on their way, with herds of cattle, to the lower plains of Wallachia. He at once enlisted himself amongst them, and having been used to the care of cattle, soon was regarded as a valuable acquisition. In process of time he became a chief herdsman, and prosperously continued his annual voyages in search of pasture, sometimes as far as the levels of Dobritza.

He had reached the age of nearly thirty without having suffered further vicissitudes in his new state than are commonly incident to it, when one autumn, he was returning to his elected country, with many companions and vast herds. By engaging in the pedlary trade across the Austrian frontier, in addition to the ordinary duties, he had now acquired comparative wealth; and, although he was attired in leather garments, covered with a sheepskin cloak, the wool of which looked rather dirty, any one who had seen him reclining beneath a temporary tent made of a couple of blankets supported by two uprights and a cross stick, a little apart from the rest, near the banks of the Dimbouritza, in its lower course, would have at once guessed him to be a man of respectability. It was near the eventide. The sun was setting over the vast plain, covered partially with forest beyond the river. The land around, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted by small groups of men, driving in the cattle that had strayed towards a kind of field enclosed on two sides by the winding stream, and on the other by the straggling camps. Tents, if such they could be called, were scattered here and there. Piles of luggage formed pillows for weary men, who had supped, and were smoking their pipes. Fires, fed by half-dried shrubs hastily collected, smouldered rather than blazed: at intervals sending up columns, as it were, to support the canopy that was gathering overhead.

The Mokan looked with pride at certain vast bulls that hustled unwieldily by, some raising up their horns as if to avoid doing damage, others going head down, and goring right and left in their hurry to avoid the goad—the kindly and the egotistical of the herd. He knew that those splendid animals bore his mark; and from much association with Turks, could not repress the self-congratulatory exclamation of "Mashallah!" The words was scarcely out of his mouth, when a sharp cry of pain or fear came across the river. He turned somewhat listlessly in that direction, and beheld upon a slip of level land on the opposite side, a number of forms moving rapidly. They were horsemen galloping; but the sound which had attracted his attention must have come from a nearer point than that at which they had arrived when he first saw them. A lad who had drawn nigh to give an account of the bulls, now directed his attention to something that was struggling in the water just in front. It was a swimmer vainly endeavouring to make head against the current. The light was down, but Michal, who had good eyes, exclaimed, "by my saint, 'tis a child hunted by some robbers—or perhaps an escaped serf! I have been hunted too, before now." So away went the sheepskin cloak, and a portion of the other garments, and out plunged Michal into the stream—hand over hand—now rising to look about him—making obliquely to the place where the current would probably carry the weak swimmer. Before long he saw a face glance upwards not far from his; but it went down, and then the arm only was cast into the air. He caught the wrist of the swimming child, and raised its head above the water. "Holy Virgin!" he muttered, "'tis a girl." Though confused with her plunge, the girl had not lost her consciousness, and assented, if she heard what he said, with a wild smile. Michal was swimming powerfully back, when something struck the water sharply close by, making a sound like a pebble on a windown-pane. Again and again the same sound was repeated. "As I live," said Michal to himself, "I heard that before. The villians are shooting at us. If I make the bank, then I shall be riddled to a certainty. Girl are you afraid to dive?"

The girl whispered that she was not. So, just as several shots were fired at once, they both went under water, to rise many yards down the stream. As it was now nearly dark, this was quite sufficient; but to make matters sure, they dived once more, and at length came up under the shadow of a Wallachian willow that drooped from the bank. Michal caught one of the long, strong banches, and soon got ashore.

"Now," said he, sitting down, and not heeding the shouts that were passing to and fro across the lines, between the pursuing party and the Mokan herdsmen, who, in great alarm, were asking what this attack meant: "Now tell me, child, the story of thy misfortunes? Hast thou done anything wrong? I will protect thee all the same."

His heart was overflowing with the recollection of his own escape, and he made as if he would embrace the child; but the gesture with which she repelled him and moved a little further off on the grass—whilst, in sign of friendship, she still left her hand upon his arm—showed that he was mistaken as to her age.

"My name is Floriora (the Little Flower)," she replied, My father's name is Lagir. My mother is dead. I am the slave of the Lord Bibiano. He sold me to the Pasha, and I have run away. Is this wrong?"

It was not necessary in that country to relate any further incidents. Michal understood the story at once; it is one of the singular parts of his character and one of the incidents of his life which made him a hero among the people, that immediately, without any fatal delays, he determined to abandon the property he had spent arduous years in amassing, in order to be enabled to save this young girl—who already owed her life to him—from misery and shame. He knew that if he returned with her to the camp, all his companions, however much their feelings might prompt otherwise, would insist that the fugitive should be returned to her owners; otherwise they were in danger, not only of the loss of their permission to graze, but of confiscation of all their property. He did not wish to involve a tribe by whose kindness alone he had grown rich, in a dangerous dispute with the authorities of the country; and the idea of giving up the little Flower never occurred to him.

There was no time to lose. The pursuers, who had lighted torches, were going up the river to a spot where was a ferry boat, and they would soon be down to search for the girl, alive or dead. Besides, probably in obedience to order or threats from the other side, a number of the herdsmen were coming along the great hedge of bushes and trees that lined the river at that place, calling for Michal, and telling him to bring out the slave. They knew his power of swimming, and guessed that in the gloom the shots from the enemy could not have taken effect. Michal rose, and taking Floriora by the hand led her cautiously along the waters edge, round the end of the point.

"Now," said he, "the plain behind is full of people, and we cannot cross it without being seen. Some of my friends would let us escape; others, more selfish, would delay us. Can you swim again down stream, with your hand on my shoulder?"

She answered that she could, submitting herself implicitly to the faith of the stranger who had saved her, and tacitly accepting his sacrifices, perhaps because she knew she could reward them. They dipped noiselessly into the stream, and in a leisurely manner began to cross. The passage was effected without difficulty, and on emerging, they found themselves many hundred yards below the extreme limit of the camp, the position of which could only be distinguished by a mass of smoke, reflecting a dull red glow. Their difficulties were, however, not yet over; the estate of the Lord Bibiano stretched all along that part of the river, "far, far away," said Floriora, and it would be impossible to traverse them durink the night. She knew, however, a village of her own people, where she might perhaps hide in safety. But Michal, who probably knew that the Zigans were not always faithful one to the other, said that he preferred hiding in the woods. They accordingly proceeded for some distance—all night long, indeed—and, as the dawn began to whiten the east, hid themselves in a thick mass of trees to pass the day.

When the sun had risen, Floriora saw with some terror that they were not far from the country villa of her lord; but Michal told her this was the place where their pursuers would be least likely to look for them. And in truth they spent the day on the edge of a little glade in the forest, without seeing any living thing, save a few birds, a squirrel on the tree, and some bright green lizards. Michal as soon as it was light, contemplated Floriora with amazement. Her beauty seemed to increase as the morning broke more cheerily through the trees; and when the sun suddenly darted a sheaf of golden beams through a cleft in the branchy canopy upon this maiden companion of his, he could scarcely refrain from uttering a cry of wonder. She was small indeed as a child, and delicately formed, but had evidently attained the age when young girls, as they go down to the springs, look furtively over the shoulders to know if they are followed from afar off. Michal computed the relative value of the treasure he had lost and the treasure he had gained, and found that he was a richer man than on the previous eve. Some will wonder that he should thus at once assume a right of property over the maiden whose life he had saved; but he knew the power of gratitude by the experience of his own heart: and, besides, was there not something in the artless look of admiration which Floriora now and then cast up at his countenance, that told what form her thoughts were taking? One question he asked to satisfy himself, in a low voice, as he sat looking down attentively at a blade of grass that was shining in a speck of sunlight; "Has Floriora left any one behind in the village whom she regrets."

"My father," she replied with emphasis, "is grieving over my loss, and will rejoice to hear of my safety."

This was enough; and though all was doubt and uncertainty for the morrow, their happy hearts throbbed all day long in the embowered recesses of the forest.

Floriora did not remain inactive all the time; but moved here and there gathering nutritious berries and digging up cool fresh roots from the earth. Michal did not like the look of these at first; but she bit pieces off them, and said laughing, in allusion to "the cup of black coffee," which sends so many great men out of the world: "I will be your taster." Thus the day wore on; and, when night came the fugitives continued their journey, taking a northerly direction. Michal had formed a plan for his future life.

On the morning of the fourth day they reached a mountainous country, and soon entered a deep and gloomy glen with which Michal seemed acquainted. Advancing a little in front of Floriora he came to a cave, where, standing on one side with the girl pressed close to him, he cried: "Lenk! Lenk! Come out and surrender."

A bullet whistled past; and a roar as if a cannon had been fired within, rolled forth.

"Ha! Lenk," again cried Michal, looking shrewd. "If this had been the patrol, what would have been the use of firing before your eyes were open?"

"I have three more charges ready," replied a gruff voice from the interior; "and though you have caught me napping, it would be a hard matter to take me. But I think I know that voice. It is Michal, playing his foolish jokes?"

"No other."

"Stand out in the light and let me see you."

"I shall make a good mark," said Michal, advancing fearlessly from his cover, whilst Floriora, trembling with terror, endeavoured to restrain him.

Presently the voice from within expressed satisfaction, and wanted to know who the woman was.

"My wife!" said Michal, boldly; and Floriora, though trembling with surprise and pleasure remained silent.

Presently they entered the cavern, and the newly betrothed maiden saw indeed that the robber Lenk's boast that he could not be easily taken was well-founded. When they had advanced a few paces and her eyes had become accustomed to the half-light, she saw a dark chasm about three paces wide, stretching across the entrances and heard a murmur of water far below. Never was there a better moat to a castle. The opposite side of the chasm was several feet above the place where the new-comers stood; and they soon discerned a form engaged in thrusting drown a kind of bridge, made of a couple of beams lashed together. Over this, they passed; having turned round a huge mass of rock, they found themselves in a cave of considerable size, fitted with a table, a bed, rude cupboards, and other comforts, and lighted by an oil lamp swinging from the roof. In every respect this dwelling-place was superior to the hut to which Floriora had been accustomed.

"It is almost as fine as my lord Bibiano's palace," said she.

Lenk, whose life Michal had saved, some years past, was a jovial host enough. He too had been driven to that wild mode of life, by an act of tyranny; and, though he did subsist by levying tribute on the surrounding country, was in every respect a good sort of character. The peasantry whom he always spared—partly, perhaps, because they had nothing worth taking, partly, no doubt, from prudential motives—had never a bad word to say against him; and instead of assisting the police, always gave him due warning of any movement against his liberty. This is the reason of the long impunity which the brigands of Wallachia enjoy. It is not uncommon for them to live to a green old age, and when they do close their career young, it is generally in some skirmish. They are rarely taken and tried.

Lenk soon made his guests quite at home; and showed them, as an especial mark of his confidence, a crevice in the rock, which had formerly been open, but had gradually been filled with earth, and through which he was making a back-entrance to his retreat. "I know where it comes out," said he. "It is right on the top of the rock, at a place inaccessible except to birds. Then I will place a rope ladder, by which I can swing down when I please to the glen on the other side, which I could not reach except by an hour's walk any other way. So if I am ever hard pressed, I flit; and 'twill be a hard matter to catch me. The earth all goes down the hole you have crossed, and there is no trace of it."

Michal, on the first opportunity, employed Lenk to go and bring a priest from a village down in the plain, and his marriage with Floriora was duly celebrated at the entrance of the glen. He now began to join Lenk in his excursions; and they lived as comfortably as freebooters may. It would be a mistake to suppose that Floriora pined in this state of existence. She thought her husband's calling justifiable and indeed noble; and proudly compared her own independent condition with that to which she was to have been condemned. When Michal remained many days absent, she felt keen misery and regretted that a more quiet lot had not been vouchsafed to her. But, when she saw him, from the entrance of the cave, coming back with a lamb on his shoulder, and Lenk following, driving a bullock laden with spoil, her eyes glistened and she leaped with as much joy and exultation to the neck of her lord, as if he had been a chieftain of many men, returning covered with laurels from the wars.

In due time a son was born to her, and her cup of happiness was full. It had been decreed that bitters should be again mixed with it. One morning Lenk was about to go forth when he descried bright objects flashing far down the glen; and his keen eye discovered that they were the weapons of soldiers. He at once suspected that his retreat had been discovered, and withdrawing the bridge announced the fact to Michal, who was standing in smiling happiness waiting until his little wife should succeed in unfastening the grasp by which his boy had got hold of his black beard. The two banditti made ready their arms, and waited for the near approach of the soldiery. There were about a dozen, but they halted at a respectful distance, and a man moved towards the entrance of the cave and exhorted the inmates to surrender. A scornful laugh was the answer; but the defenders of the cave did not fire on the herald because they saw that he was a peasant. Soon after, the soldiers began to pour volley after volley into the cave; they were answered with effect. There was very little danger for Lenk and Michal, but some of the balls rebounded into the chamber where Floriora sat. She was therefore obliged to take refuge in the crevice; and which had, by this time, been completely opened.

When the combat had continued some hours, the besiegers, who knew that their firing had produced no effect, as the guns still answered from within, drew off, and seemed to consult. The new plan they hit upon has often been adopted in that kind of warfare. Some of them climbed the face of the hill, armed with sharp axes, and began cutting away the brushwood and throwing down the vast mass of dried wood which had been accumulating there for years. They had resolved to smoke out their enemies. Lenk now applauded himself on the idea of a back entrance; and when the bonfire was lighted the whole party made preparations for an escape. Being perfectly confident that there was no danger, they went up the steep passage laughing, reached the summit of the rock, joked about the foolish police who were roasting themselves that scorching day at the entrance of the cave, coughed a little in the smoke which filled the air, displaced the ladder, and prepared to descend into the valley. Lenk went down first, and sat patiently at the bottom, steadying the ladder; Floriora followed; then came Michal, with his boy strapped firmly on his back. He was only half way down when a shot was fired; Lenk fell dead; Floriora was seized by a man who rushed forward; and a volley was aimed at her unhappy husband. The missiles clattered in the rock around; but he was only slightly wounded, and the child escaped unhurt; he looked down, and saw a whole group of enemies waiting. His first impulse was to cast himself among them; for he thought that Floriora too had been murdered, as well as Lenk. But the love of life was strong within him; and he had revenge within him. He saw a ledge of rock at no great distance, and by a desperate leap, in spite of his burden, gained it. The men below stood awestruck. Another desperate leap. A shot or two was fired without effect. Another gigantic spring, and he reached a place from which he could scramble back towards the the summit of the hill. In brief, he escaped, and an hour afterwards, found himself safe in a distant retreat, where he sat down and wept all the remainder of the day, even until the going down of the sun, for the loss of his Floriora.

It was after this incident that Michal became known in Wallachia as the Mokan. Under that name he committed many ruthless deeds, principally against the Boyards; because he soon learned that the attacking party which had deprived him of his happiness had been directed by the steward of the Lord Bibiano, who, by some means not explained, had discovered that the fugitive slave was living, and had learned the secret of the double entrance. The Mokan tried to ascertain what took place after he effected his escape. He found the body of Lenk, from which the soldiers had cut the head as a trophy; but there was no trace of Floriora. Perhaps the certainty of her doom would have left him less miserable. He tortured his mind with reflections on what might have happened to her. Jealous passion sometimes nearly drove him mad. He inquired of the peasantry. Some said that she had been killed; others that she had been taken away to a prison; others that she had escaped. The last supposition, the Mokan treated with contempt, because he believed that if Floriora were at liberty she would soon find her way to his side. Thus time passed, and by degrees Michal hardened and hardened, and the terror of his name filled the whole country.

Nearly ten years afterwards, when his son had grown to a tall lithe boy, who looked much older than he was, Michal, at his request, took him to a fair, annually held at a village on the Transylvanian frontier, at the foot of the Krapacks. A convent of women stands at no great distance from the village, and the Mokan, disguised as a Bulgarian merchant, asked permission to sleep in the Hall of Strangers. This was readily granted, and the father and son lay down upon a mat, and reposed after the fatigues of the day. The inhabitants of the convent had all come out, curious to look at him; many had chatted with him while he ate his supper. In the dead of night a woman, a nun by her dress, bearing a lamp, cautiously entered the room, and, approaching the sleepers, stood over them and gazed in wonder at their faces—in wonder and love; for, a moment afterwards, his wife was on her knees embracing the rough face of the bandit, who awoke. He gazed on the pale suffering face before him; and, as he gazed, a vision of youth and beauty took its place. "Floriora, O my Floriora! Thou art not so changed as I am!" Then they fell into each other's arms, and wept bitterly.

She had contrived to escape from her captors; but, believing that her husband and child were killed, repaired to that convent and asked for hospitality. She had not taken the veil—the pious Wallachian story-tellers particularly insist on this point—because only unmarried and free women were received; but, she had remained for ten years as a kind of lay sister, doing menial services for the others. They had even acquired a claim over her something like that which a lord has over his serf. "I shall not be allowed to go with my lord," said she, faintly smiling, "if the morning finds me here."

Michal arose; and, shaking the boy who still slept, bade him follow. They went forth into the night together. For the second time, the Mokam abandoned the wealth he had amassed, and thought only of preserving the little Flower. Many were the dangers and sufferings they encountered in the passage of the Carpathian mountains; for Michal had resolved to try his fortune in another land. The pilgrims travelled on foot, but Floriora never complained of fatigue. On the contrary, she every day seemed to grow younger and younger; and when they at length crossed the frontier, she romped with her son who was as tall as herself, in a field by the margin of a stream, while Michal sat on a fallen tree, and looked gravely on through tears of joy.

Thus they went on and on in good old story-book style, until they came to the Banat of Temeswar, in the capital of which the late bandit's son contrived to open a shop, and to settle down as a peaceable citizen. The lovers of the marvellous took the Mokan up at a much later period of life, and made him a guerilla hero in one of the wars between the Turks and the Russians, during which he espoused neither side, but inflicted injury on both. There is no reason, however, for supposing that he ever left Temeswar again. He had enough to do to make the little Flower happy after her long period of misfortune. We do not understand him, if he did not think her as beautiful ever afterwards as when the dawn first revealed her countenance to him in the forest hiding-place. Michal the younger soon grew up, and had brothers and sisters, some of whose children may be in Temeswar to this day.—*Household Words.*

## WOLF NURSES IN INDIA.

STORIES of wild animals that have acted the part of nurses towards infants accidentally or purposely exposed, are to be met with in every part of the world, and among races of the most widely distinct character. It was a favourite legendary origin for a great hero, the founder of a nation or of an empire. The stag, the bear, the dog, and many others figure in these traditions; but of all, the wolf is the most remarkable, and the most frequently to be met with. What truth there may be in the old story of Romulus, we shall not attempt to decide. *Some* reality, however, underlies the wildest fictions; and we have at this moment before us a very interesting account of observations made in Northern India, which may be worth the consideration of some future Niebuhr or Arnold. They were conducted by a distinguished Indian officer, whose name, were we at liberty to mention it, would be an ample guarantee for their truth and accuracy—one, too, who has possessed unusual opportunities for obtaining information from the wilder and less known part of the country. In the following notice we shall use his pamphlet* largely and without scruple, since, from its having been published in a provincial town, it has scarcely attracted the notice its very curious subject deserves.

The wolf in India is looked upon, as it formerly was in Northern Europe, as a sacred animal. Almost all Hindoos have a superstitious dread of destroying or even injuring it; and a village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen, believes itself doomed to destruction. The natural consequence is, that in the districts least frequented by Europeans, these animals are very numerous and destructive, and great numbers of children are constantly carried off by them. Only one class of the population, the very lowest, leading a vagrant life, and bivoucking in the jungles, will attempt to kill or catch him. Even these, however, although they have no superstitious fear of the wolf, and are always found to be well acquainted with its usual dens and haunts, very seldom attempt its capture; in all probability from the profit they make of the gold and silver bracelets and necklaces worn by children whom the wolves have carried to their dens, and whose remains are left at the entrance. In all parts of India, it appears, numbers of children are daily murdered for the sake of these dangerous ornaments.

The wolf, however, is sometimes kinder than man. In the neighbourhood of Sultanpoor, and among the ravines that intersect the banks of the Goomtee River, this animal abounds; and our first instance of a "wolf nurse" occurs in that district. A trooper, passing along the river-bank near Chandour, saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, apparently on the best possible terms with his fierce companions, and the wolf protected him with as much care as if he had been one of her own whelps. All went down to the river and drank, without noticing the trooper, who, as they were about to turn back, pushed on in order to cut off and secure the boy. But the ground was uneven, and his horse could not overtake them. All reëntered the den; and the trooper then assembled some people from Chandour, with pickaxes, who dug into the den for about six or eight feet, when the old wolf bolted, followed by her three cubs and the boy. The trooper, accompanied by the fleetest young men of the party, mounted and pursued; and, having at last headed them, he turned the whelps and boy (who ran quite as fast) back upon the men on foot. They secured the boy and allowed the others to escape.

The boy thus taken was apparently about nine or ten years old, and had all the habits of a wild animal. On his way to Chandour he struggled hard to rush into every hole or den he passed. The sight of a grown up person alarmed him, and he tried to steal away; but he rushed at a child with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. Cooked meat he would not eat, but he seized raw food with eagerness, putting it on the ground under his hands, and devouring it with evident pleasure. He growled angrily if any one approached him whilst eating, but made no objection to a dog's coming near and sharing his food. The trooper left him in charge of the Rajah of Hussunpoor, who saw the boy immediately after he was taken. Very soon afterwards he was sent, by the Rajah's order, to Captain Nicholett's, at Sultanpoor; for although his parents are said to have recognised him when first captured, they abandoned him on finding that he displayed more of the wolf's than of human nature.

He lived in the charge of Captain Nicholett's servants nearly three years; very inoffensive, except when teased, but still a complete animal. He could never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather; and on one occasion tore to pieces a quilt, stuffed with cotton, and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, every day with his bread. When his food was placed at a distance from him, he ran to it on all-fours, like a wolf; and it was only on rare occasions that he walked upright. Human beings he always shunned, and never willingly remained near them. On the other hand, he seemed fond of dogs and jackals, and indeed all animals, and readily allowed them to feed with him. He was never known to laugh or smile, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hands to his head, and said it ached, and asked for water, which he drank and died. Possibly, had this boy lived, he might gradually have been brought to exhibit more intellect and intelligence; but almost every instance seems to prove how completely the human nature is supplanted by the brutal. The next is still from the neighbourhood of the Goomtee. In March, 1843, a cultivator who lived at Chupra, about twenty miles east of Sultanpoor, went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, taking with him his wife, and a son about three years old, who had only lately recovered from a severe scald on the left knee. As the father was reaping, a wolf suddenly rushed upon the boy, caught him up and made off with him towards the ravines. The people of the village ran to the aid of the parents, but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey.

About six years afterwards, as two Sipahees from Singramow, about ten miles from Chupra, were watching for hogs on the border of the jungle, which extended down to the Khobae rivulet, they saw three wolf cubs and a boy come out from the jungle, and go down to drink at the stream; all four then ran towards a den in the ravines. The Sipahees followed, but the cubs had already entered, and the boy was half way in, when one of the men caught him by the hind leg and drew him back. He was very angry and savage, bit at the men, and, seizing in his teeth the barrel of one of their guns, shook it fiercely. The Sipahees, however, secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty days, during which he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and was fed accordingly with hares and birds. His captors then found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazaar, in the village of Koeleepoor, to be supported by the charitable people of the place, till he might be recognised and claimed by his parents. One market day a man from the village of Chupra happened to see him in the bazaar, and on his return described him to his neighbours. The cultivator, the father of the boy, was dead, but his widow, asking for a minute description of the boy, found that he had the mark of a scald on the left knee and three marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his loins. Fully believing him to be her lost child, she went forthwith to the Koelee bazaar, and in addition to these two marks, discovered a third on his thigh, with which her boy was born.

She took him home to her village, where he still remains, but, as in the former case, his human intellect seems to have all but disappeared. The front of his knees and elbows had become hardened, from his going on all-fours with the wolves, and although he wanders about the village during the day, he always steals back to the jungle at nightfall. He is unable to speak, nor can he articulate any sound distinctly. In drinking, he dips his face into the water, but does not lap it up like a wolf. He still prefers raw flesh; and when a bullock dies and the skin is removed, he attacks and eats the body in company with the village dogs.

Passing by a number of similar stories, we come to one which is in many respects the most remarkable. About seven years since, a trooper in attendance upon Rajah Hurdut Singh, of Bondee, on the left bank of the Ghagra River, in the district of Bahraetch, in passing near a small stream, saw there two wolf cubs and a boy drinking. He managed to seize the boy, who seemed to be about ten years old, but was so wild and fierce that he tore the trooper's clothes and bit him severely in several places. The Rajah at first had him tied up in his artillery gunshed, and fed him with raw meat, but he was afterwards allowed to wander freely about the Bondee bazaar. He there one day ran off with a joint of meat from a butcher's shop, and another of the bazaar keepers let fly an arrow at him, which penetrated his thigh. A lad, named Janoo, servant of a Cashmere merchant, then at Bondee, took compassion on the poor boy, extricated the arrow from his thigh, and prepared a bed for him under a mango tree, where he himself lodged. Here he kept him fastened to a tent-pin. Up to this time he would eat nothing but raw flesh, but Janoo gradually brought him to eat balls of rice and pulse.

In about six weeks after he had been tied up under the tree, after much rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upright. Hitherto he had gone on all-fours. In about four months he began to understand and obey signs. In this manner he was taught to prepare hookah, put lighted charcoal on the tobacco, and bring it to Janoo, or to whomsoever he pointed out. He was never heard, however, to utter more than one articulate sound. This was "Aboodeea," the name of a little daughter of a Cashmere mimic, or player, who had once treated him with kindness. The odour from his body was very offensive; and Janoo had him rubbed with mustard-seed soaked in water, in the hope of removing it. This was done for some months, during which he was still fed on rice and flour; but the odour did not leave him.

One night, while the boy was lying under the mango-tree, Janoo saw two wolves creep stealthily towards him; and after smelling him, they touched him, and he got up. Instead, however, of being frightened, the boy put his hands upon their heads and they began to play with him, capering about him, whilst he threw straw and leaves at them. Jano tried to drive them off, but could not; and becoming much alarmed, he called to the sentry over the guns and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied, "Come away and leave him, or they will eat you also;" but when Janoo saw them begin to play together, his fears subsided and he continued to watch them quietly. At last he succeeded in driving them off; but the following night three wolves came, and a few nights after four, which returned several times. Janoo thought that the two which first came must have been the cubs with which the boy was found, and that they would have seized him had they not recognised him by the smell. They licked his face with their tongues as he put his hands on their heads.

When Janoo's master returned to Lucknow, he was, after some difficulty, persuaded to allow Janoo to take the boy with him. Accordingly, Janoo led him along by a string tied to his arm, and put a bundle of clothes on his head. Whenever they passed a jungle, the boy would throw down his bundle and make desperate attempts to escape. When beaten he raised his hands in supplication, took up his bundle and went on; but the sight of the next jungle produced the same excitement. A short time after his return to Lucknow, Janoo was sent away by his master for a day or two, and found on his return that the boy had disappeared. He could never be found again.

About two months after the boy had gone, a woman of the weaver caste came to Lucknow with a letter from the Rajah of Bondee, stating that her son, when four years old, had, five or six years before, been carried off by a wolf; and from the description of the boy whom Janoo had taken away with him, she thought it must be the same. She described marks corresponding with those on Janoo's boy; but although she remained some considerable time at Lucknow, no traces could be found of the boy; and at last she returned to Bondee. All these circumstances were procured by the writer of the pamphlet from Sanaollah, Janoo's master, and from Janoo himself, both of whom declared them to be strictly true. The boy must have been with the wolf six or seven years, during which she must have had several litters of whelps.

It is remarkable that no well-authenticated instance has been found of a full-grown man who had been nurtured in a wolf's den. The writer of the pamphlet mentions an old man at Lucknow, who was found when a lad in the Oude Tarae, by the hut of an old hermit who had died there. He is supposed to have been taken from wolves by this hermit, and is still called the "Wild Man of the Woods." "He was one day," says the writer, "sent to me at my request, and I talked with him. His features indicate him to be of the Tharoo tribe, who are found only in this forest. I asked him whether he had any recollection of ever having been with wolves. He said 'the wolf died long before the old hermit.' I do not feel at all sure, however, that he ever lived with wolves." In another instance, a lad came into the town of Hasanpoor, "who had evidently been brought up by wolves." He was apparently about twelve years old, was very dark, and had, at first, short hair all over his body, which gradually disappeared as he became accustomed to eat salt with his food. He never spoke, but was made to understand signs well. It is not known what eventually became of him.

These are doubtful cases; but in the former instances there seems no room for questioning the facts. Our readers, however, must judge for themselves. At all events, the subject appeared to us so curious and so full of interesting suggestions, that we hardly think they will quarrel with us for bringing it thus briefly under their notice.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

* *An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children in their Dens.* By an Indian Official. Plymouth, 1852.

## JOHN BUNYAN.

IN the edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature," we have [says the Dublin *Nation*] a short biography of Bunyan, which in a few pages presents that quaint old worthy as a breathing figure. The strength, humour, grace of style, liberty of tone, keenness of perception, and thorough relish for the subject manifest in the writing of this little memoir, indicate plainly enough the owner of the signature, T.B.M., by whom the "Encyclopædia" has been in this case enriched.

Mr. Macaulay represents vividly, the boy, John Bunyan, born tinker, with a powerful imagination and keen sensibility, excited by religious terrors, growing up to a tormented youth. Of the depravity and profligacy commonly attributed to him, on his own testimony, as characteristic of his tinker days, so far as such words have a real meaning in our own ears, he is here proved guiltless. His four chief sins were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tip-cat, and reading the history of Sir Bevis, of Southampton. Another sin, indeed, is named, which appears somewhat more real to us, but his habit of swearing was cured by one reproof. "A rector of the school of Laud," Mr. Macaulay observes, "would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model. But Bunyan's notions of good and evil had been learned in a very different school; and he was made miserable by the conflict between his tastes and his scruples."

At seventeen Bunyan enlisted in the Paliamentary army, and served during the campaign of 1645. Then it was that his imagination became stored with those impressions of the pomp and circumstance of war, which furnished afterwards so many of his illustrations, and supplied him with his Great-heart, his Captain Boanerges, and his Captain Credence. The campaign over and he went home and married. And then his fancy again became the prey of the religious excitement and fanaticism prevalent; and his terrors, temptations, and self-accusations bordered on insanity. As he grew older, reason strengthened, and a spirit of sound sense got vigour enough to subdue, or nearly to subdue, the wildness of these fantasies. He joined a Baptist Society at Bedford, and after a time began to preach; yet we are told it was long before he ceased to be tormented with an impulse which urged him to utter words of horrible impiety in the pulpit.

With the Restoration there came persecution of Dissenters, and Bunyan's well-known imprisonment in Bedford jail lasted, with some intervals, during twelve years. He was told that if he would give up preaching he would be set free, but not even his strong domestic affections tempted him from the path that seemed to him the path of duty. He had several small children, and among them a blind daughter, whom he loved with peculiar tenderness. "He could not, he said, bear even to let the wind blow on her; and now she must suffer cold and hunger; she must beg; she must be beaten; 'yet,' he added, 'I must, I must do it.'"

That he studied during the imprisonment the Bible and the Book of Martyrs, and that he there began to write, all the world knows. In his first writings he had not found his whole power, but at last he began the "Pilgrim's Progress," a work of which Mr. Macaulay thus strikingly relates both the history and character:—

"Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words, quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, sunny pastures, a gloomy castle, of which the court yard was strewn with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners, a town all bustle and splendour, like London on the Lord Mayor's day, and the narrow path, straight as a rule could make it, running on up hill, and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate. He had found out, as most people would have said, by accident, as he would, doubtless, have said, by the guidance of Providence, where his powers lay. He had no suspicion, indeed, that he was producing a masterpiece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature; for of English literature he knew nothing. Those who suppose him to have studied the Fairy Queen might easily be confuted, if this were the proper place for a detailed examination of the passages in which the two allegories have been thought to resemble each other. The only work of fiction with which he could compare his Pilgrim was his old favourite, the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. He would have thought it a sin to borrow any time from the serious business of his life, from his expositions, his controversies, and his lace tags, for the purpose of amusing himself, with what he considered merely as a trifle. It was only, he assures us, at spare moments that he returned to the House Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground. He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line until the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased; others were much scandalised. It was a vain story, a mere romance, about giants, and lions, and goblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose, atheistical wits at Will's might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the court; but did it become a minister of the Gospel to copy the evil passions of the world? There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable. But that time was passed, and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state. He saw that, in employing fiction to make truth clear and goodness attractive, he was only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself; and he determined to print.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months, the little volume circulated only among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings, frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without, which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simply pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In puritanical circles, from which plays and novels were strictly excluded, that effect was such as no work of genius, though it were superior to the Iliad, to Don Quixote, or to Othello, can ever produce on a mind accustomed to indulge in literary luxury. In 1678 came forth a second edition with additions; and then the demand became immense. In the four following years the book was reprinted six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in; and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copper plates, which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon, or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair. In Scotland, and in some of the colonies, the pilgrim was even more popular than in his native country. Bunyan has told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in New England his dream was the daily subject of the conversation of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in the most superb binding. He had numerous admirers in Holland, and among the Hugenots of France. With the pleasures, however, he experienced some of the pains of eminence. Knavish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant thinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

He took the best way to confound both those who counterfeited him and those who slandered him. He continued to work the gold-field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures, not indeed with quite such ease and in quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success which left all competition far behind. In 1684 appeared the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was soon followed by the "Holy War," which if the "Pilgrim's Progress" did not exist, would be the best allegory that ever was written.

The fame of Bunyan during his life, and during the century which followed his death, was indeed great, but was almost entirely confined to religious females of the middle and lower classes. Very seldom was he during that time mentioned with respect by any writer of any great literary eminence. Young coupled his prose with the poetry of the wretched D'Urfey. In the "Spiritual Quixote," the adventures of Christian are ranked with those of Jack the Giant killer, and John Hickathrift. Cowper ventured to praise the great allegorist, but did not venture to name him. It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were evidently meant for the cottage and the servant's hall. The paper, the printing, the plates, were all of the meanest description. In general, when the educated minority and the common people differ about the merit of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is perhaps the only book about which, after lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

## YANKEE DOODLE.

IN the summer of 1755, the British army under command of Abercrombie, lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson River, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States, previous to marching upon Ticonderoga. During the month of June, these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutred from his neighbour, and the whole presenting such a spectacle as was never equalled, unless by the celebrated regiment of merry Jack Falstaff.

Their *outre* appearance furnished great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Shackburg, an English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle, and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from Farmer & Moore's Historical Collections, published in 1824, we have not, however, met with before in many years:

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
Where we see the men and boys
As thick as Hasty-pudding.

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnal fina,
I wanted peskily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they had a swampin gun
As large as log of maple,
On a deuced little cart—
A load for father's cattle;

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's underpinnin,
And father went as near again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather—
They knock'd upon 't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All bound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scar'd me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home,
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

## HOW TO OBTAIN A LONG LEASE OF LIFE.

A CURIOUS medical work, by Richard Reese, of London, has lately made its appearance and is just attracting some attention, on account of the following article, which describes the uses and operation of the so-called "Pommelling Hammer:"

This simple instrument was invented by the late Admiral Henry, to pommell and rub parts of the body effected with rheumatism or subject to goutly inflammation, and for invigorating absorbent vessels in the cases of local deposits or diseased structure, in which it is desirable to bring the absorbents of the part into full action. By rubbing and occasionally pommelling different parts of the body which are subject to gouty and rheumatic attacks, Admiral Henry—who had for many years been a martyr to rheumatic gout—succeeded in not only curing it, but, by a perseverance in that practice after the malady was subdued, he succeeded in diminishing the sensibility or excitability of the nerves, and particularly of the membranes of joints, so as to render them unsusceptible of gouty or rheumatic action.

By persisting regularly in the use of this system, the Admiral fancied he could render the muscles and nerves of the body so firm and irritable as to prolong his life three hundred years. He pommelled and rubbed the abdomen with such a degree of force, as to act on the stomach and intestinal canal, and to its effects he attributed the regular state of his bowels, and the excellent condition of his digestive organs, having an excellent appetite, and being entirely free from any symptoms of indigestion; but, unfortunately for the anticipated results of this system, which has, unquestionably, considerable merit, the Admiral could not apply it to the most important organs of the body—namely, the brain, the lungs, and the heart.

The Admiral lived to the age of one hundred years, and for the last twenty-five years of his life was equal to considerable muscular exertions often walking twenty-five miles in the course of the day without experiencing the slightest fatigue, and enjoying sound health. A similar mode of treating rheumatism and gout has lately been much recommended by Dr. Balfour, of Edinburgh, who has just published several cases in which it has completely succeeded. One great advantage arising from this system is, the cures it effects are generally permanent.

The Admiral being afflicted with cataract in both eyes, consulted Mr. Ware, who, finding them both ripe, advised him to have both extracted. He resolved to submit to the operation on the one eye only, promising that, if it succeeded, he should operate on the other.

The operation having completely failed, the Admiral determined to apply his system of pommelling and rubbing—the eye-lids being closed—to the other eye, which had the effect of bringing the absorbents into action, and the diseased lens was so completely removed, in the course of three months, that he had the power of reading small print.—*Home Journal.*